

THE STAR ABOVE ALL

LORDOMAT
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Sole Agents: GILMANS

CHINA MAIL

No. 37075

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1958.

Price 30 Cents

RELAX IN **DAKS**
THE HARBOR COMPANY
IN ACTION TROUSERS

Whiteaways
HONGKONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF THE DAY

St John's

THE appeal for the St John Ambulance Brigade which holds its button day today is one which deserves support. The Brigade in Hongkong is a source of pride to the Colony as a whole, and we derive great benefits from its prompt and efficient services. Never is there a public meeting and seldom a road accident or emergency without some member of the Corps being present.

In or out of uniform he steps from the crowd, and efficiently, quietly, and quite naturally, takes charge. Police defer to him. The St John's man is the man on the spot. His organisation is worthy of the most generous support by a grateful public which benefits daily from his services.

This said, there remains the fact that the Brigade is not poor. Its new headquarters on Macdonnell Road have just been opened. The \$800,000 building costs were more than covered by the \$1,000,000 collected. More is wanted for a half million endowment fund. A society that stands for so many good things deserves this measure of financial stability and we hope that it will get this money. But what is the building to be used for? Apart from the invaluable three hours or so each evening when the Brigade is present and training, the building does virtually nothing.

The Brigade is rightly proud that it draws members from every level. Many members live in squalid conditions. Many have children who cannot find places in school, for there are not enough schools or places. And school buildings are often filled sixteen hours a day. Many run morning school, afternoon school, and evening school in the same buildings. New vacant buildings fit poorly in the Hongkong scene.

But could these premises not reap a fuller advantage from the public confidence and investment made in them if the Brigade were to extend its activities to a "Junior St John Ambulance"... a school in which priority is given to children of its own members; a school where the subjects of normal education are combined with the traditions and educational methods so well practised by this great organisation in Hongkong?

BUS STRIKE ALMOST OVER

Leaders Urge Men To Return To Work

PEACE PLAN ACCEPTED

London, June 13. Strike leaders tonight recommended London's 50,000 busmen to go back to work because of "the forces ranged against them."

Industrial observers forecast the 40-day-old stoppage was virtually over, with the strikers expected back towards the end of next week. A busmen's delegate conference agreed to recommend a resumption of work on "a date to be determined" with London Transport.

TUESDAY MEETING

They voted to consult the busmen at garage branches and meet again on Tuesday.

A proposal to extend the strike to power workers and petrol tanker drivers was defeated by the 132 delegates.

They made these decisions after their 73-man negotiating committee had recommended acceptance of London Transport's latest peace proposals as a basis for negotiation.—Reuter.

Oh, A Shame!



Mr R.A. Butler, acting Prime Minister, opened a church fête in the grounds of his home at Halestead, Essex.

He is vicar's warden at Greenstead Green. The fête was in aid of the church funds.

High spot of the fête was a fashion show, with an auction of clothes displayed by 12 top models.

Mr Butler bid for a housecoat. There was a jubilant moment when it seemed there was no one against him. Then someone outbid him—so Mr Butler—on picture—let the housecoat go.—London Express Service.

MACMILLAN FLIES BACK TO LONDON

Ottawa, June 13. Mr Harold Macmillan, the British Prime Minister, accompanied by his wife, Lady Dorothy Macmillan, took off in a specially chartered Britannia aircraft tonight for London.

He left at the end of his talks with Mr John Diefenbaker, the Canadian Premier, and President Eisenhower in Washington.

Shortly after the Prime Minister had boarded the aircraft and the ramp had been taken away, he remembered that he had left his hat and coat in the car which had brought him to the airport.

Ground crews were informed and they quickly got the hat and coat and handed them up to the plane through the crew door.—Reuter.

De Gaulle Broadcast To Nation

Paris, June 13. General Charles de Gaulle told his countrymen tonight that France must take "the place which is ours" in "the western world to which he belongs, without having to confine ourselves to it."

But he warned, "the whole future is closed to us if France does not have to guide her state which is capable of doing so."

De Gaulle spoke in a nationwide, radio and television "fire-side chat," his first since taking power nearly two weeks ago.

De Gaulle appealed to Frenchmen to subscribe to the national programme opening on Tuesday, "the first step of our recovery."—U. P. I.

FAROUK WANTS TO BE A MONAGESQUE

Monaco, June 13. Ex-king Farouk of Egypt has applied to become a nationalised citizen of Monaco, usually well-informed sources said today.

The sources said the government of the tiny principality was considering the matter but the ultimate decision would rest with Prince Rainier.

Farouk abdicated in 1952 following a military coup in Egypt. He was exiled and has lived in Rome for the past two years—but he owns a villa and a yacht in Monte Carlo.—China Mail Special.

Russia Agrees To H-Bomb Meeting

Moscow, June 13. The Soviet Government has agreed that a meeting of experts to study means of detecting nuclear explosions should begin in Geneva on July 1, the official Soviet news agency, Tass reported today.—Reuter.

NEW MILITARY BASE SITE CHOSEN

Singapore, June 13. The Straits Times said today more than 1,000 acres of jungle was being cleared 10 miles south of Kuala Lumpur, to give Malaysia one of the best military bases in Southeast Asia.

The Times said the site, Sungai Besi, had formerly been earmarked by the British for a base.

Work on the base was expected to take two years, and to cost \$10 million.

The Times said the project would be financed by the British Government under a grant it had made to Malaysia.

The base, when completed, would accommodate the Malaysian military college, an infantry battalion of the Royal Malay Regiment, and a brigade headquarters. Its total population would be about 5,000.

The Times said building construction was expected to start early next year.—Reuter.

"Black Outlook" For Lancashire

INDUSTRIALIST'S WARNING

Manchester, June 13. A Lancashire industrialist said today he thought the future of Britain's cotton industry "exceedingly black."

Sir Thomas Barlow told the Lancashire and Merseyside Industrial Development Association: "When the Chinese can tell the yarns at two shillings a pound less than we can, the outlook for us is not good, and we might as well be realistic about it."

For nearly an hour Sir Thomas—Association President—heard delegates describe how cotton mills and collieries were closing down and people being thrown out of work.

No Good

One speaker said it was no good talking about the cotton industry's contraction—the industry was passing out altogether.

Another pointed to the immense trade to be done with China and Arab countries once embargoes were lifted.

Most speakers urged the Government to do more to help.

Assassination Plot

Lima, June 13.

Police today began an investigation of a reported plot to assassinate Japanese Prince Takahito, Mikasa, when he arrives here on June 24 on an official visit.—U. P. I.

STOP PRESS

BOY DIES IN FIRE

A four-year-old boy was burned to death in a fire that destroyed the top floor of a two-storey stone hut in Tsun Wan shortly after midnight last night.

It was reported that a quantity of joss sticks and papers was kept in the upper floor premises and a roaring blaze lit up the immediate neighbourhood.

A number of fire appliances were rushed from Kowloon and the blaze was brought under control in half an hour.

My Mummy dries everything nice in the **Kenwood "Sun-dry"**

The wonderful KENWOOD "SUN-DRY" spins the baby clothes and diapers safely, clean—leaves them free from irritating deposits as only a spin-dryer can!

Wrinkles are left downy-soft—delicate colours and fabrics safe as can be. KENWOOD "SUN-DRY" does it all in only 4 minutes!

fly to Europe

PARIS. It's just as well to have a capital "A" in Paris. The artist, and Paris, spells "ARTIST" in Europe!

ROME. When you throw your coin in the fountain, Mr. Tourist, remember, you've heard to go back!

DUISBURG. Please, buy your science, Professor! You've forgotten to say much. Take a rest!

IN SUPER CONSTELLATION COMFORT

AIR-INDIA International

1st Floor, 7, Sea House, Kowloon

6 GREEKS MURDERED

Cyprus Governor Orders Special Inquiry

Nicosia, June 13. Cyprus Governor, Sir Hugh Foot, tonight announced he had ordered a special enquiry into the murder of six Greeks and the wounding of seven others by Turks near Geunveli last night.

'That Sub Was Russian'

Buenos Aires, June 13. The Argentine Navy has told President Frondizi that the mysterious submarine attacked in Argentine waters on May 21 was Russian, usually reliable sources said here today.

But, the sources said the full facts of the incident might never be revealed.

They said three marine aircraft, patrolling outside Argentine waters six days after the incident, saw the submarine undergoing repairs on the surface.

Secret Session

Rear-Admiral Alofo Estevez, Navy Minister, and Senator Alfredo Vitolo, Interior Minister, reported today on the incident to a secret session of the Chamber of Deputies.

They described how three cruisers, "four" destroyers, and naval aircraft attacked the submarine in the Golfo Nuevo, off the Chubut coast, and then saw a large oil slick appear on the surface.

Sailors from the ships which made the attack today dismissed the theory that the submarine might have deliberately released oil to mislead them. The slick was too big, they said.—Reuter.

Responsibility

The first statement said about 20 Turks fired on a party of Greeks who were setting traps at night. Later it was stated that the clash came after troops put 35 Greeks in a truck, dropped them a mile and a half from Geunveli, and told them to make their way home.

Greek Cypriot newspapers had criticised the first official statement and the Mayor of Nicosia said he would not take the responsibility of appealing for restraint by Greeks unless the authorities admitted the responsibility of the office concerned.

The Chief of Operations in Cyprus, Major-General Douglas Kendrew, tonight rejected allegations that the Security Forces showed partiality to the Turks, and told a Press Conference: "We intend to have no further trouble."

Keep Calm

Dr Themistocles Dervis, Mayor of Nicosia, tonight urged Cypriot Greeks in the capital to keep calm and show restraint. He said he expected full compensation for relatives of the Greek victims of the Geunveli clashes and punishment for those responsible.—France-Press and Reuter.

French Jets For Israel

Paris, June 13. The independent evening newspaper Le Monde reported today that France would shortly deliver about 20 Vautour (Vulture) twin-jet bombers to the Israeli Air Force.

Quoting a "good source" Le Monde said these bombers had a top speed of 2,400 mph in an hour, comparable with the Soviet MiG aircraft delivered to Egypt and Syria.—Reuter.

Cholera Goes North

Singapore, June 13. The cholera epidemic in Thailand had spread to provinces 100 miles north of Bangkok, an official of the World Health Organisation in Singapore said today.—Reuter.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S DRY SACK

The World Famous Sherry

SPAIN'S BEST

—the favorite Medium Dry Sherry in Spain—and of course over here

KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY



KING'S PRINCESS

TO-MORROW
AT 11.00 A.M.

Paramount Technicolor Cartoons
Variety Programme

At 12.15 p.m. Paramount presents
Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in
"CADDY"

Free SUNKIST drinks for patrons

PRINCESS

SPECIAL WEEK-END
MORNING SHOWS

To-day at 12.30 p.m. Paramount's
"CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT"
Starring: Bob Hope — Joan Fontaine
Colour by Technicolor

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. 20th Century-Fox
TERRYTOON TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
Variety Programme

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. M-G-M presents
Betty Hutton — Howard Keel in
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
in Metrocolor

Free SUNKIST drinks for patrons of
both shows on Sunday

Morning Show Admission: 70 Cts. \$1.00, \$1.50

Lee & Astor

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE THEATRE

At 12.00 Noon

TOM & JERRY

TECHNICOLOR

CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices

ASTOR THEATRE

At 11.00 a.m.

"THE LADY & THE TRAMP"

At 12.30 p.m.

"VICTORY AT SEA"

At Reduced Prices

FILMS Current and Coming by Lucy Downing

AS "The Brothers Karamazov" is playing to good houses at the Hoover and Liberty, it has been decided to keep the film on over the weekend.

Fascinating Yul Brynner as the spendthrift Dmitri is the central character, envied, desired and filled with desire, throughout this film. His father, his step-brother, sometimes his intellectual brother Ivan, and most of all, the distinguished noblewoman Katya, played by lovely Claire Bloom are filled with jealousy towards him to the point of hatred.

Dostoevsky's great novel has been brought to the screen under sympathetic direction of Richard Brooks. Some of the personalities wallow in mental and physical pain, sexually, defiance and even denial of Divine Providence. Others have an exuberance and enjoyment of life that cannot be quenched. Lee J. Cobb, playing the gossamer father Fyodor, lives with a hearty zest for lustful sadism. Grushenka, charmingly portrayed by Maria Schell, radiates irrepressible joy, although it is

sometimes the acquisitive joy of a greedy child. There is always the sublimation of suffering, in paths of scenes around the sickbed of a child; stark, wintry landscapes, glimpses of chained prisoners after the trial scene and men and women torn by passion and desire.

There is also the reckless living, the luxurious accommodations of the wealthy, gay parties by officers in the country, candle-lit and jewel-toned interiors of households in colouring reminiscent of stained glass.

Perhaps most revealing of all are the portrait-like shots of the faces of the contrasting characters, their mobility and emotion, sometimes restrained, often riotous. The nobility in Dmitri's face, the eagerness in Smirnov's face, the lustful half-brother, the arrogant beauty of Katya changing to adoration; the powerful dominance and comic whimsicality of Fyodor. In Grushenka's merry countenance there is tenderness and way indifference, greed and sublime joyousness.

There is the beauty of the young monk Alexey and the childlike innocence of the

saintly old priest; the puzzled shame of the degraded soldier; and the heartbreak of the clever Ivan, trying to save his brother. Questions are asked and answered in this film. When a saintly old man towns and kisses the ground before Dmitri's feet, there is the suspicious and envious demand to know why he did that, met by the disarming answer, "Because he saw such great suffering in his face."

★
JEALOUSY in elemental, sophisticated, aristocratic and plebeian variations is the theme of nearly all the main films showing this weekend.

A primitive and lusty type of passionate distrust is found in the dramatic "Wild Is the Wind" produced by Hal Wallis showing now at the Kings and Princesses.

Anna Magnani, the magnificent virago, becomes the wife of her late sister's husband—a sickly wreck from the start. Anthony Quinn, the virile widower with more temperance than tact, tries to remould Anna in the image of the dead wife Rosanna whom he constantly mourns. Absent-minded, by her address, Rosanna is obsessed with remorse and a guilty secret.

Finding her uninhibited expressions of love ignored, Anna turns to Quinn's teenage son (Anthony Franciosa). The Italian woman, knowing little English, finds relief from loneliness, constant companionship and a mutual attraction with Franciosa. Then the frank, earthy plots and unwinds with some brilliant acting from the talented team.

The violence and dramatic situation with wild horses plunging and rearing and whips cracking, contrast with the pastoral scenes. Sheep and their lambs being herded by a silent shepherd in the remote Nevada, the gentle and sweet Dolores Hart promised to Franciosa from childhood, and the wise guidance offered by Joseph Calleia, Quinn's older brother, temper the wilder aspects of the film.

★
THERE is an element of jealousy as well as blind hatred in the absorbing Western "Man Hunt" also retained over the weekend and showing at the Roxy and Broadway.

The powerful ranch-owner with his hand of gunman, slowly decimated by a lone youth on the defensive, is perplexed to find that public sympathy is inevitably on the side of the fugitive who is always outnumbered.

Don Murray gives an excellent performance as the suspected killer on the run. A series of accidents bring the avalanche of vengeance upon the shoulders of a serious-minded boy who is willing to risk his life in order to save others. His dogged endurance through trackless desert, scrubland and rocky foothills and fortuitous meeting with a boyish and forthright Diane Varsi and unwinds with some brilliant acting from the talented team.

(Contd. on Page 3, Col. 6)

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Wild Is the Wind." Turbulent drama teaming Anna Magnani with Anthony Quinn. Wild horses, vast Nevada sheepherder ranches in an unusual story of love, hate and violence, produced by Hal B. Wallis. Primitive, lusty and brilliant in patches.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Damned Angels." Universal's film of stunt-flying by members of a flying circus. Rock Hudson and his film wife, Dorothy Malone, come pleasured by the activities of reporter, Rock Hudson. Based on the candid outspoken book "Pylon" by William Faulkner, author of "The Long Heat Summer," the drama is told as a forthright motion picture for adult audiences.

ROXY & BROADWAY: 20th Century-Fox presentation in De Luxe Colour. CinemaScope "Man Hunt." Ever-popular type of Western with the usual string of misunderstandings and characters at cross-purposes, enlivened with shots of visual beauty and the fresh appeal of Diane Varsi and Don Murray who bring youth, sincerity and box-office interest. They are supported by Cliff Williams and Dennis Hopper. Production by Robert Buckner, directed by Henry Hathaway, and based on Charles O. Looke's powerful novel "The Hell-Bent Kid." LEE & ASTOR: "Girl Most Likely." Scintillating, rhythm-filled comedy, bristling with love-interest incidents and starring at-

tractive Jane Powell, choral charmer, with Keith Andes, Cliff Robertson, Kaye Ballard and Tommy Noonan. An ever-new RKO picture, produced by Stanley Rubin, is set in a Californian beach resort on the blue Pacific with pink cloud interludes. Lavish dance routines by Gower Champion, six song hits including "All the Colours of the Rainbow" and "Crazy Horse" sung by Jane and the Children's Chorus will attract families looking for light and happy entertainment.

HOOPER & LIBERTY: "The Brothers Karamazov." Dostoevsky's great novel brought to the screen with brilliant characterizations, moods alternating from hatred to love, passion to tenderness (but not love) and wild enthusiasm to depression. Threats of hell, hope of heaven, bitter repentance, glorious drunken happiness with Russian symphonic music, breathtaking beauty in sets and landscapes all in this US\$4 million production. Sympathetic, knowledgeable direction by Richard Brooks with clever contrast of light and shade. At times this film is almost revoltingly sensuous, but it is also widely philosophical, giving glimpses of deep insight into many facets of human nature rarely revealed. Yul Brynner, Maria Schell, and Claire Bloom lead a great cast in this MGM film which is entered by the United States for the Cannes Festival. Second week.

COMING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Long Heat." A hard-driving drama of the teamsters' battle against mob control, featuring Victor Mature and British blonde Diana Dors. They are teamed in Columbia Pictures' film of gangsterism in the trucking industry, filmed in the North of England and Scotland, under the direction of Ken Hughes. Although thrills are claimed to be non-stop, there is sufficient time for romantic dalliance...thrills of another sort doubtless.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Silent Enemy." A fine film dedicated to the memory of Commander Lionel Crabbe and frogmen of all nations who died beneath the sea during the last war. A story of gallant heroism in combating mysterious dangers in the green depths of the Mediterranean. Strong cast headed by Lawrence Harvey, Dawn Addams, John Clements and Michael Craig. Twentieth Century production, written and directed by William Fairchild, in adaptation of a book by Marshall Pugh.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Day of the Badman." Quick trigger justice administered by Frontier Judge, Fred McMurtry, a man of unwavering principles despite love interest, Joan Weldon and sabotage by John Ericson. A film of suspense, impending doom and violent action in colour and CinemaScope, made by Universal-International.

HOOPER & LIBERTY: "Underwater Warrior." An MGM epic of U.S. Navy frogmen and their operations during World War II. Thrilling close-ups of dangerous work among enemy shipping and planting of limpet bombs. Starring Dan Bailey and Claire Kelly. LEE & ASTOR: "The Damned Angels." The venue is an institution for wayward teen-age girls. Susan Oliver in the title role, escapes near to the end of her detention period, and with a boy friend, steals a car. Described as a story of a "teen-age drama bomb not to explode."

TO-DAY QUEEN'S ONLY

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

SPECIAL PRICE TO STUDENTS
\$1.50 TO DRESS-CIRCLE & STALLS



★ SUNDAY ONLY ★

At 11.30 A.M., 2.30, 5.30 & 9.00 P.M.

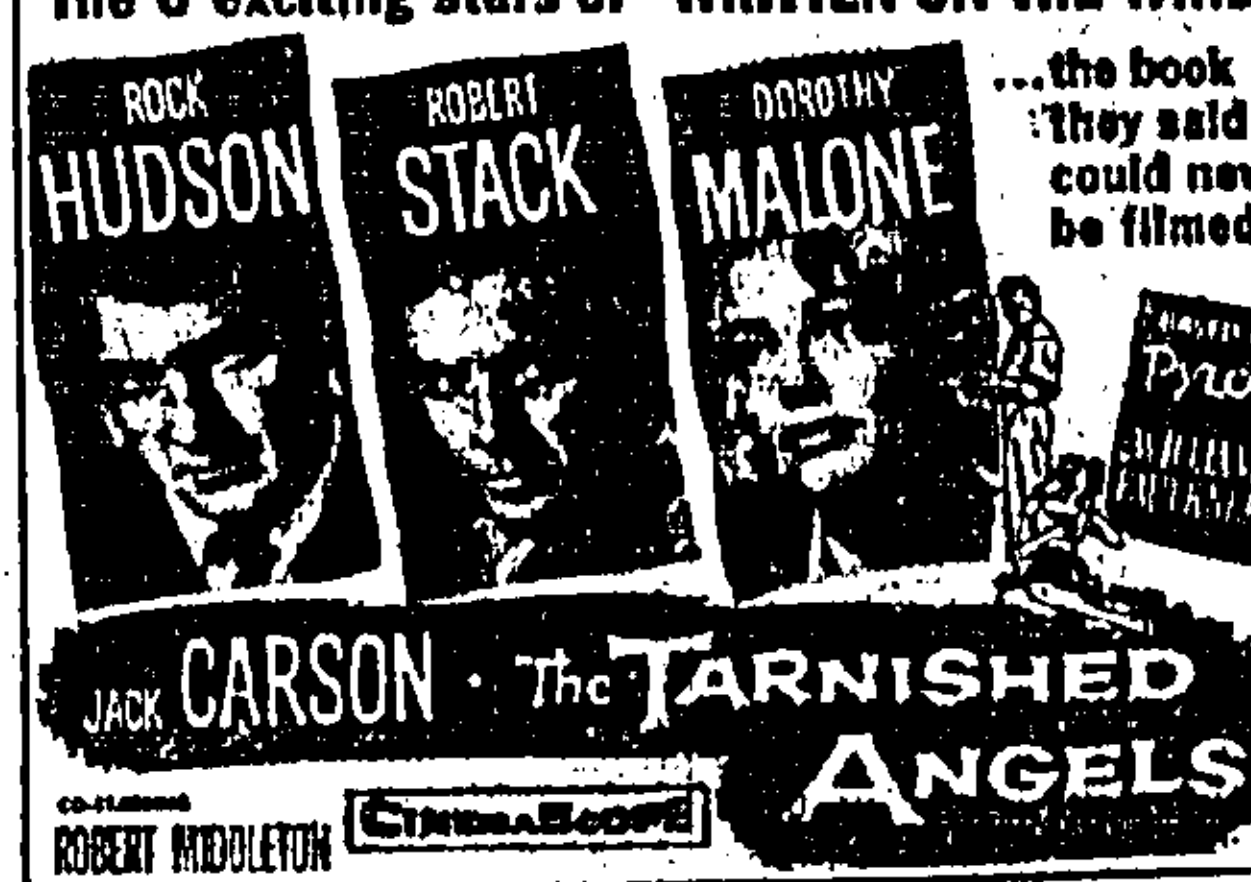
"HAMLET"

STUDENTS: \$1.50 TO D.C. & STALLS

STAR METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

The 3 exciting stars of "WRITTEN ON THE WIND!"



— ROBERT L. WILKE — A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
WALT DISNEY'S FOX

LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

At Reduced Prices

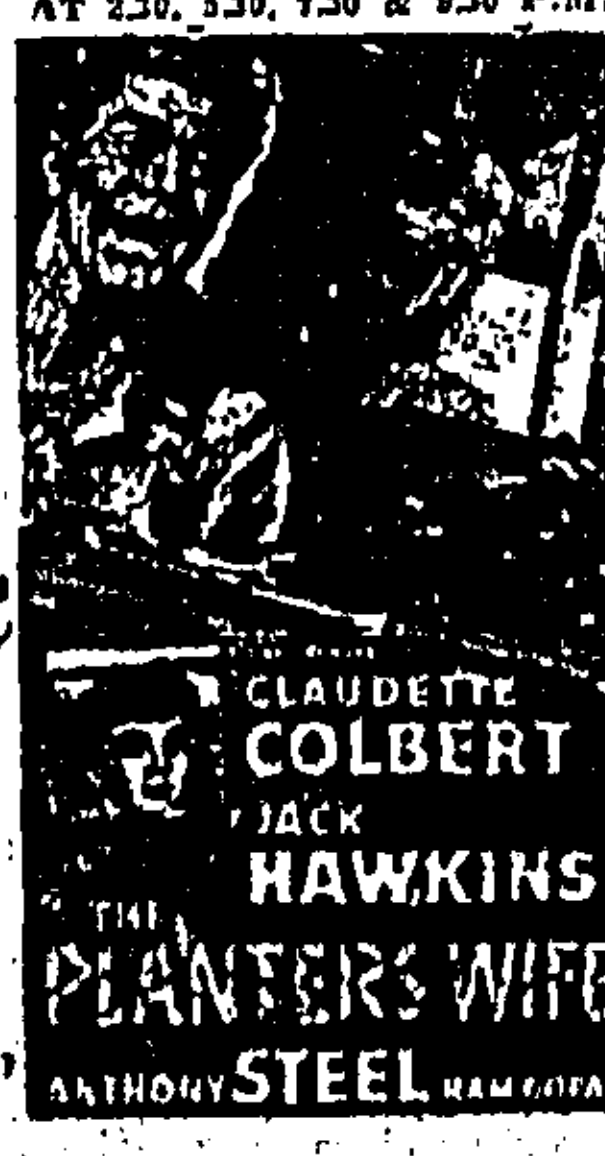
TO-MORROW Special Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m. Errol Flynn in "ROBIN HOOD"

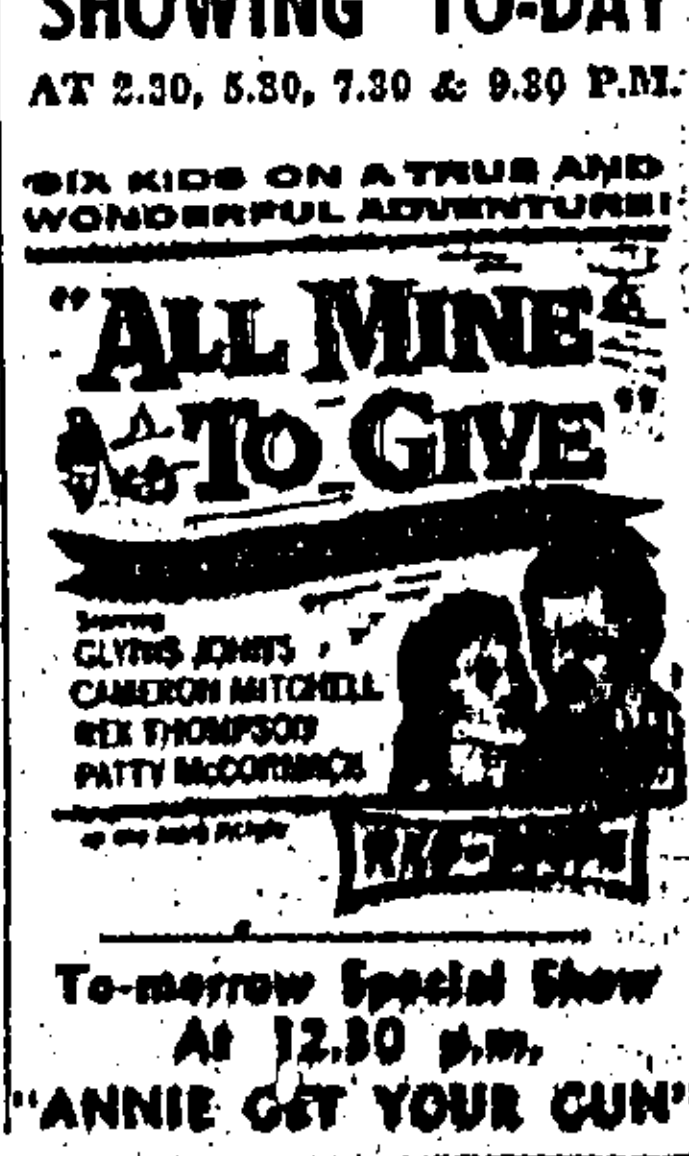
At Reduced Prices

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



To-morrow Special Show
At 12.30 p.m.
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING SIMULTANEOUSLY TO-DAY

At 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30

"THE PROUD ONES" — "JUNGLE GODDES"

Marco Polo THE COLONY'S LEADING RESTAURANT

named after the famous Venetian traveller, serves specialities to a discriminating public. Luncheons and dinners under expert supervision of Swiss Chefs. Chinese delicacies and dishes a Specialty.

Dancing nightly from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m.
EDDIE GUZMAN and his Orchestra.

Peninsula Court, Kowloon, Tel. 67211.

Majestic Restaurant & Night Club

Proudly presents

ANOTHER 'BIG HIT!'
DUO ARNEDIS
THE SUPREME CLASSIC OF CONTORTIONISTS
Contortionistic Equilibristic with Grace Poise and Perfection

FELIPE MAYHEW & OLGA KOCH
British Cabaret Champions!
WORLD ACCLAIMED LATIN AMERICAN DANCERS!

2 Performances: 10.15 p.m., 1.15 a.m.
Featuring SENORITA PILITA CORRALES
Radio & TV Star in her renditions of popular Song Hits
Music by TONY AREVALO & HIS CABALLEROS
Phones: 75779, 732066, 732067
299 King's Road, North Point

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

A PILOT COMES DOWN TO EARTH AT HARWELL

London. An RAF glider landed in the middle of the cricket pitch at the secret Atomic Research Establishment of Harwell, Berkshire, last week.

The pilot, Squadron Leader E. W. War, of Manham, Norfolk, RAF station, was taken to the police lodge and questioned, it is understood, by security police.

Then he left by road with the glider.

Squadron Leader War, a valiant pilot and chief instructor of the Fenland RAF Gliding Club, was taking part in the RAF gliding championships from an airfield near Cirencester, Gloucestershire.

Off course

"I was blown off course," he said. "Over Harwell I ran out of lift and chose to land in the sports field instead of a nearby cornfield. I didn't want to ruin the corn. We have had complaints about damage to crops."

He added: "I seem to have stirred up something here."

Footnote: The glider's landing sited out a groove on the pitch. But after it had been watered and rolled a match fixed for the other night went on as planned.

Hotel Bans Blonde Barmaids

Lincoln. An hotel firm banned blonde barmaids from its hotels because its managing director doesn't like them.

Michael Jenkinson, head of the company that runs the Barons Hotel and White Hart Hotel here, disclosed his aversion in an advertisement for a barmaid at the Barons Hotel. "Good references important. Good wages, own room, permanent position, age 25-35. No blondes," the ad said.

"I've never liked blondes and shall never employ one in our hotels," Jenkinson told reporters. "To me peroxide blondes look untidy, and it's a shocking sight when their hair grows and shows black at the roots."

Jenkinson said he didn't think much of real blondes, either, but he "might relent a little" if a natural blonde came along—provided she had good references.—U.P.I.

Recovered Sight After Goring

Rome. A 94-YEAR-OLD farmer, blind for 15 years, suddenly recovered his sight when one of his cows tried to gore him in a field, then suffered a heart attack at the shock of seeing again.

Farmer Donato Buragoro was reported on the danger list at Leone hospital.

He collapsed under the emotional impact of seeing again after 15 years' blindness. Sight was suddenly restored after one of his cows tried to gore him. Buragoro suffered a heart injury in the attempted goring.—U.P.I.

The Sergeant Was Ordered To 'GROW A MOUSTACHE'

Carlsbad. "GROW that moustache again," the commanding officer snapped. "That's an order." "Yes, sir," said Sergeant Tom Mallett, "I shall do my best." Mallett, a 34-year-old Royal Artillery sergeant, who faced last week with his second hair-raising problem in a year because a group of French soldiers in the Napoleonic wars was a whiskery gang. The Regiment, the 74th Medium, defeated a French unit known as "Les Moustaches" at Martindale. Every year since then the tallest man in the regiment has carried the battle as trophy of that battle in a victory celebration parade.

THE ANIMAL WORLD'S LIBERACHI



Crowds flock daily to the famous "Monkey Jungle"—at Miami, Florida, to watch the amusing antics of the inmates. Most popular is the demonstration by "Liberachi the Chimp"—who gives a creditable impression of the famous pianist... complete with candelabra.—Keystone.

FOURTEEN HONEST RED DEVILS OWN UP NOW THEY ARE ON THE MAT AFTER A TIT-FOR-TAT RAID ON CADETS

London. TOUGH paratroopers of the 3rd Parachute Battalion read in the newspapers that a group of Sandhurst officer cadets had "captured" a number of nuisance-making teenagers in the academy grounds and had dumped them in a muddy stream.

Battle In The Air-Conditioning Jungle

Turin. PIETRO, the python, fell victim to his appetite and was recaptured when he chased Lisa, the lizard, out of the air-conditioning system of national television studios here.

Pietro, a six-foot reptile with a nasty bite, ate his way out of a snake while waiting to star on a programme of nature tales for children. The snake ate a frog and then disappeared into five miles of air-conditioning piping in the radio-TV building.

GREEN LIZARD

Lisa, a two-foot green lizard which had escaped from the same programme several days ago, already was scurrying around in the "air-conditioning jungle," with an occasional sortie into a studio to scare the girls.

Apparently Pietro considered the frog a mere appetizer and started after Lisa as a second course.

Already nervous studio personnel could hear the two reptiles slithering through the

air conditioning piping and were not happy. A "safari" of hunters trailed the noises through the studios and saw a terrified Lisa streak cut of one air conditioning vent and disappear behind some equipment.

Pietro was hot on Lisa's tail, because he stuck his nose out of the vent a few minutes later.

Hunters held a plastic sack at the vent. The hungry snake wriggled in and everybody breathed easy again.

Lisa was still at large and, with Pietro recaptured, obviously more at ease.—U.P.I.

A thief who raided a cooked meat factory in Brentwood, Essex, ignored cooked hams and roast pork but took an old alarm clock that works only when laid face downwards.

Feeling among some of the men is that if the cadets got away with it, so should the paratroopers.

The parents of the victims complained. The Commandant of Sandhurst, Major-General Ronald Urquhart, investigated—and decided to take no disciplinary action.

In Aldershot the paratroopers—confined to the area because they were standing by if needed for the Middle East—thought this was unfair. They decided to take the law into their own hands.

Tied up

Secretly they made their plans. Secretly, they made their way into the park-like grounds of Sandhurst.

They looked for some cadets to deposit in the same stream. A cadet on sentry-go challenged them.

The paratroopers bound and gagged him, leaving a newspaper account of the teenagers' ducking with a note which read: "Jolly bad show."

Back in Aldershot the whole battalion roared with laughter when word got around of the incident.

But the battalion was paraded and the commanding officer, Lieut-Colonel Michael Forrester, announced that no one would get leave until the culprits' owned up.

Locked up

After the parade, the 14 men reported to the company officer and owned up.

Into the guardroom they went and down to the station went their comrades.

Then Colonel Forrester sentenced five of the men to periods of detention ranging from 14-28 days and confined eight others to barracks for 21 days.

Feeling among some of the men is that if the cadets got away with it, so should the paratroopers.

ALCOHOLIC CONNOISSEURS

Sydney. More than 5,000 bottles of Brandy and Scotch Whiskey were stolen from a liquor store by thieves who apparently hid there overnight and took their time choosing the best brands.

Police said at least three men carried out the robbery with split-second timing to avoid a watchman and carried off their haul in two trips in a stolen truck after cutting their way out of the 10-storey building.—U. P. I.

Well, Dig This Cool And Coming Talk

London. MAN, if you think you can't dig American teenagers' "cool" talk, don't get shook—things are worse here.

Elders have become so out of touch with juvenile jargon in Britain that Rev. P. M. Berry, chaplain at the Isle of Wight's Reform School, has just published a special glossary for the guidance of judges handling youthful offenders.

Translated

If you saw "A bacon bounce pull a chiv out of his strides" you'd need Rev. Berry's little book too.

Translated into English the above simply means that "The yoke (bacon bounce) pulled a knife (chiv) out of his pants (strides)."

In Reform School circles, a baron is a man who lends anything from candy to money at exorbitant interest rates. A runner is a baron's debt collector.

Cops are bluebottles, candy is known as bullets and matches become twigs in the little world of Rev. Berry.

A meat wagon may be an ambulance for Americans, but over here it's a black maria.

A Glossary

Other terms include: Berv: Liquor. Gale fever: The restless moodiness afflicting those nearing the end of their term in gaol.

Joe: A weak, put-upon person. Plate of beef: Warden. Muggies: Prison matrons.

Screw: A prison warden (the head officer is known as the screw-driver).

Tot: Gardem: Cells. The Reverend defended the juvenile jargon jungle.

"These expressions represent, I think, a remarkable economy of words which carry with them a wealth of meaning," he said.—U. P. I.

Beds Fit Only For Fakirs?

Llandudno. A NATIONAL Association of Bedding manufacturers blasted the British tourist industry for giving tourists beds fit only for fakirs.

The National Bedding Federation suggested that the nation's motoring organisations, which classify hotels for tourists, add the notation "G.B." against deserving resorts to signify "Good Beds." It said the other kind should be blackballed.

Too Long

President Hector Rawson sounded the opening blast in what has become a yearly campaign when he told his group's annual conference, "A bed can make or mar a holiday."

He added, sadly, "Some of the beds holiday-makers given in hotels and boarding houses are not so good. Many have been slept on too long by too many people."

"Some," he said, "are fit only for fakirs—those gentlemen who lie on nails, and suffer no ill effects."

Rawson said the bed-makers couldn't care less about such jibes as "Queen Elizabeth slept here in 1508."

Refugees?

"We want to know that John Smith slept here in 1958, and thought the beds were wonderful," he said.

The federation warned hotel and rooming house operators that the number of Britons who go abroad for their holidays is increasing year by year.

"Are they refugees from the British holiday bed?" Rawson asked.—U. P. I.

The Scarborough Rugby Football Club donated forward Peter Barritt from its first to second team because he doesn't keep his boots clean.—U. P. I.

Films Current And Coming

(Continued from Page 2)

Kindly Chill Wills gives him a temporary respite. There is a streak of justice in his ruthless and implacable pursuit who at one stage holds back his men, as dogs are held and then unleashed to hunt their prey, rather than kill the boy in cold blood before Diane and her father.

The subsequent adventures are exciting, sometimes breathtaking and with welcome contrasts of light relief and surprising changes in the tide of fortune.

This film was originally called "The Hell-Bent Kid" and is based on Charles O. Locke's powerful novel of that name. The background scenery in De Luxe colour is delightful and so is the Spanish-American household where Diane has her home.

IN completely different vein, with light-hearted extravaganzas entertainment, "Girl Most Likely" at the Lee and Astor presents jealous swains buzzing around the luscious Dottie, played by Jane Powell.

Under the star-studded Californian sky Dottie becomes a teased boy friend with songs and slinky-eyed glances. Kissing sequences veiled in ectasies of pale pink cloud, rock 'n' rollers along the Pacific shore, delightful dance routines, hilarity and gorgeous girls combine in this musical comedy romance to divert audiences satiated with violence, horror and sordid realities of so many of the modern films.

Those responsible for the feminine heart-throbs in this lavish production by Stanley Rubin, are Katha Andes and Cliff Robertson. Tommy Noonan, Kaye Ballard and Una Merkel co-star with vigorous enthusiasm. Dances and musical sequences by Gower Champion are good as always.

COMPLEX human relationships, jealousy, and bitterness are all in the plot of "The Turkish Angels," another "basic realism" story said to be issued to meet the growing demand for adult honesty in the film world.

This Universal-International production starring Rock Hudson with Robert Stack and Dorothy Malone, is showing at the Star and Metropole. It is based on the novel "Fylon" by William Faulkner.

In this story, reporter Rock Hudson falls in love with trick parachutist Dorothy Malone, whose husband, dare-devil racing pilot, Robert Stack, loves himself and his planes in that order.

There is a ten-year-old child, played by Chris Olsen, who may be the son of Stack's mechanic, Jack Carson, but Dorothy is in love with her husband, who wishes her to encourage the advances of a wealthy promoter, Robert Middleton.

Rock Hudson decides to take a hand and rearrange the relationships, trying to effect the regeneration of the reckless heroine. This dynamic drama is stated to reveal the uninhibited goings-on of a barnstorming air-circus troupe and is described as a daring and memorable enterprise.

TEN TONS OF TOFFEE FOR AN ARMY

London. A BRITISH candy company will start work next week on one of the largest orders in its 74-year history.

Ten tons of toffee were ordered by the Iraqi-Jordanian Army from Newport, candy manufacturers G. F. Lovell and Co. Ltd.

The size of the order has caused considerable surprise among merchants here and such cracks as "let the caravels are coming."

Horse Guards

Some 11,000 of the toffee for the army are to be made on their pictures of the English Horse Guards marching past Buckingham Palace.

The toffee will be ready for shipment in mid-June. The company has been supplying supplies to Jordan since 1951.—U. P. I.

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TO-DAY: 2.15, 4.50, 7.20 & 9.45 P.M.

Please note time of performances has been changed

M.G.M. PRESENTS THE GOLD BURNING NOVEL AT LAST!

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

Starring **YUL BRYNNER**

MARIA SCHELL - CLAIRE BLOOM

LEE J. COBB - ALBERT SALMI

Also starring **RICHARD BASEHART**

with **WILLIAM SHATNER**

HORSE GUARDS

Some 11,000 of the toffee for the army are to be made on their pictures of the English Horse Guards marching past Buckingham Palace.

The toffee will be ready for shipment in mid-June. The company has been supplying supplies to Jordan since 1951.—U. P. I.

Special Matinee To-morrow At Reduced Admission

HOOVER at 12.00 noon

CHARLES CHAPLIN

In **"THE GOLD RUSH"**

LIBERTY at 12.00 noon

GENE KELLY

DEBBIE REYNOLDS in **"SINGING IN THE RAIN"**

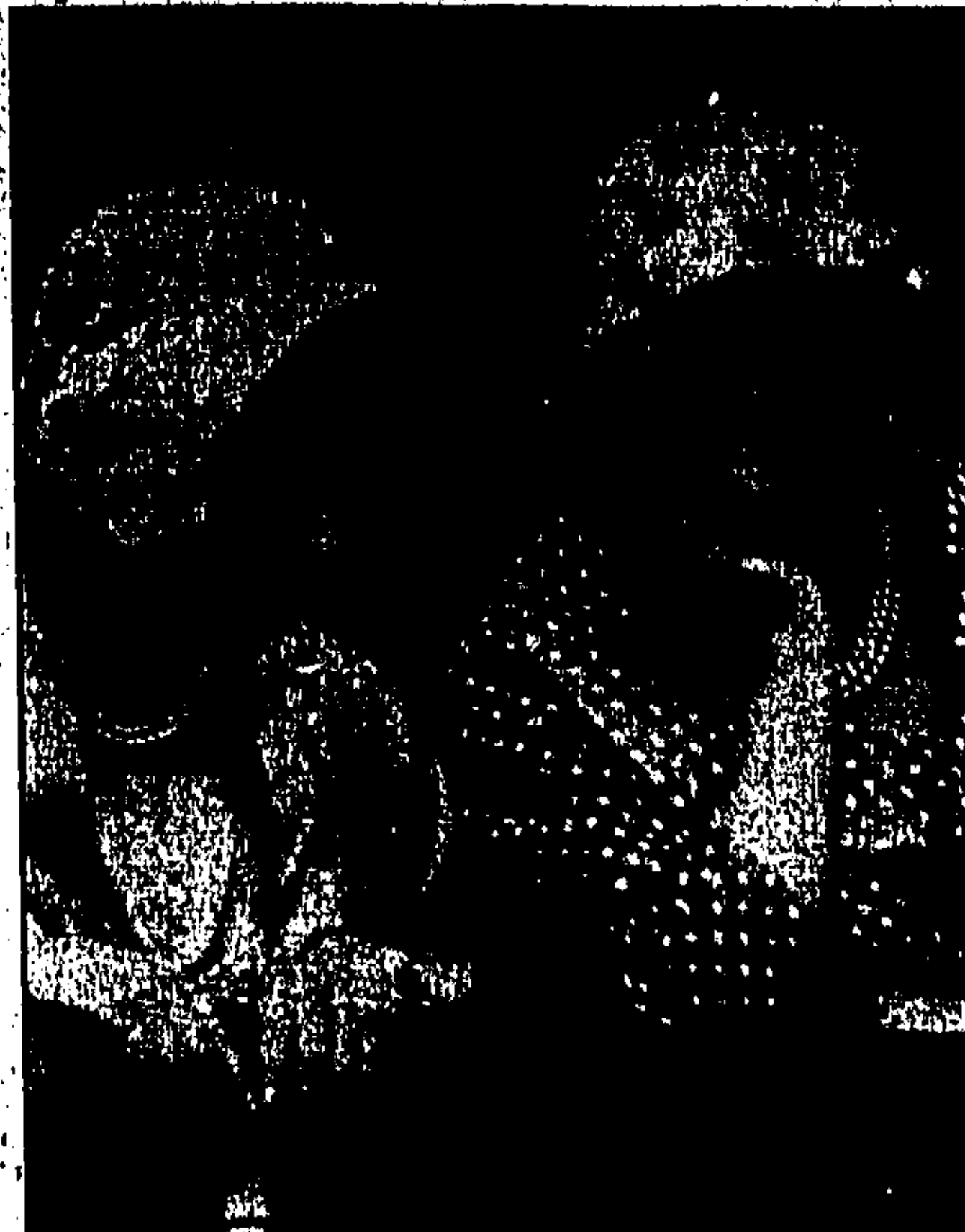
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



FORMER Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden met the Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd at Sir Anthony's home in Wiltshire recently. Mr Lloyd had come from Chaguers to have a talk with Sir Anthony on various problems.



SOLITARY bus in London's Piccadilly last Sunday was operated by the People's League for the Defence of Freedom, an anti-trade union organisation. Rides were free. London now enters its sixth week of a bus strike—and talks over the weekend between the union and the London Transport Executive broke down.



QUEEN Elizabeth looks somewhat downcast as she listens to Princess Margaret at Epsom last week, where they were Royal visitors for the running of the Derby. The Queen's horse, Miner's Lamp, ran into sixth place. Veteran jockey Charlie Smirke (below) won his fourth Epsom Derby when he piloted the Irish colt Hard Ridden past the winning post a good five lengths ahead of the rest of the field. The 51-year-old Smirke's victory represents the crown of his career—he announced after the race that this will be his last year of riding.



DISCUSSING the overland route to Moscow is Mr John Quinn, right, at Victoria Coach Station, London, on Monday. With him are two of the 18 coach passengers he will arrive there—Mr and Mrs Robert Mackintosh of Glasgow, Scotland. Cost of the trip is £177 for each passenger, who is allowed £40 spending money.

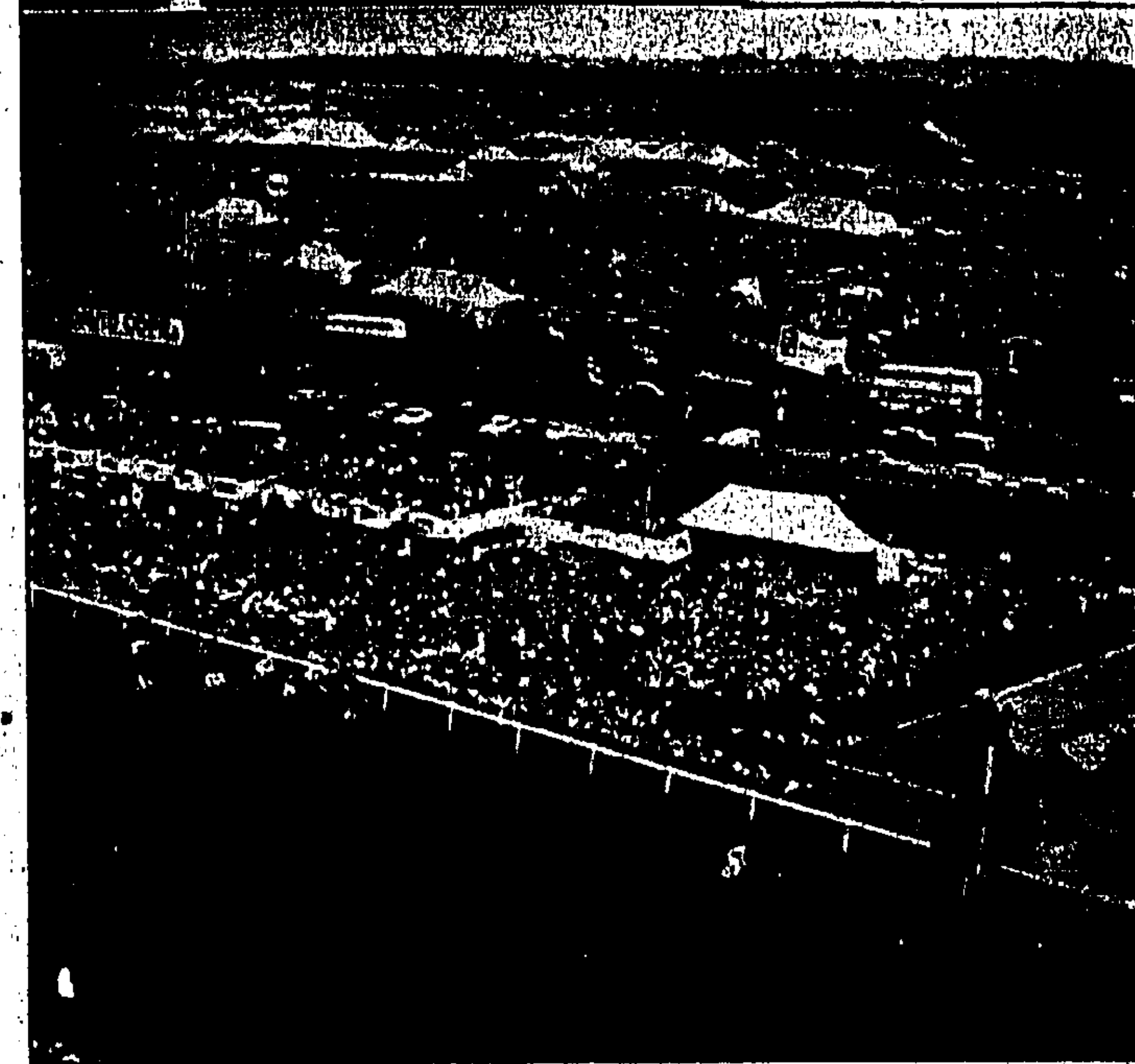


PRINCE Philip was a guest of honour when 1,000 Welsh people gathered at St James's Palace, London, for the London Welsh Association's reception to celebrate the Festival of Wales and the Empire Games at Cardiff recently. He is seen with Lord Ogmore, who presented him with the London Welsh Trophy.



SHIRLEY Holmes, the English girl with the hole in her heart, was reunited last week with her Italian soldier husband. She travelled by herself the 1,000 miles by land and sea from Portchester, England, to Portoferra, Italy, to meet Giulio Comparini and his family.

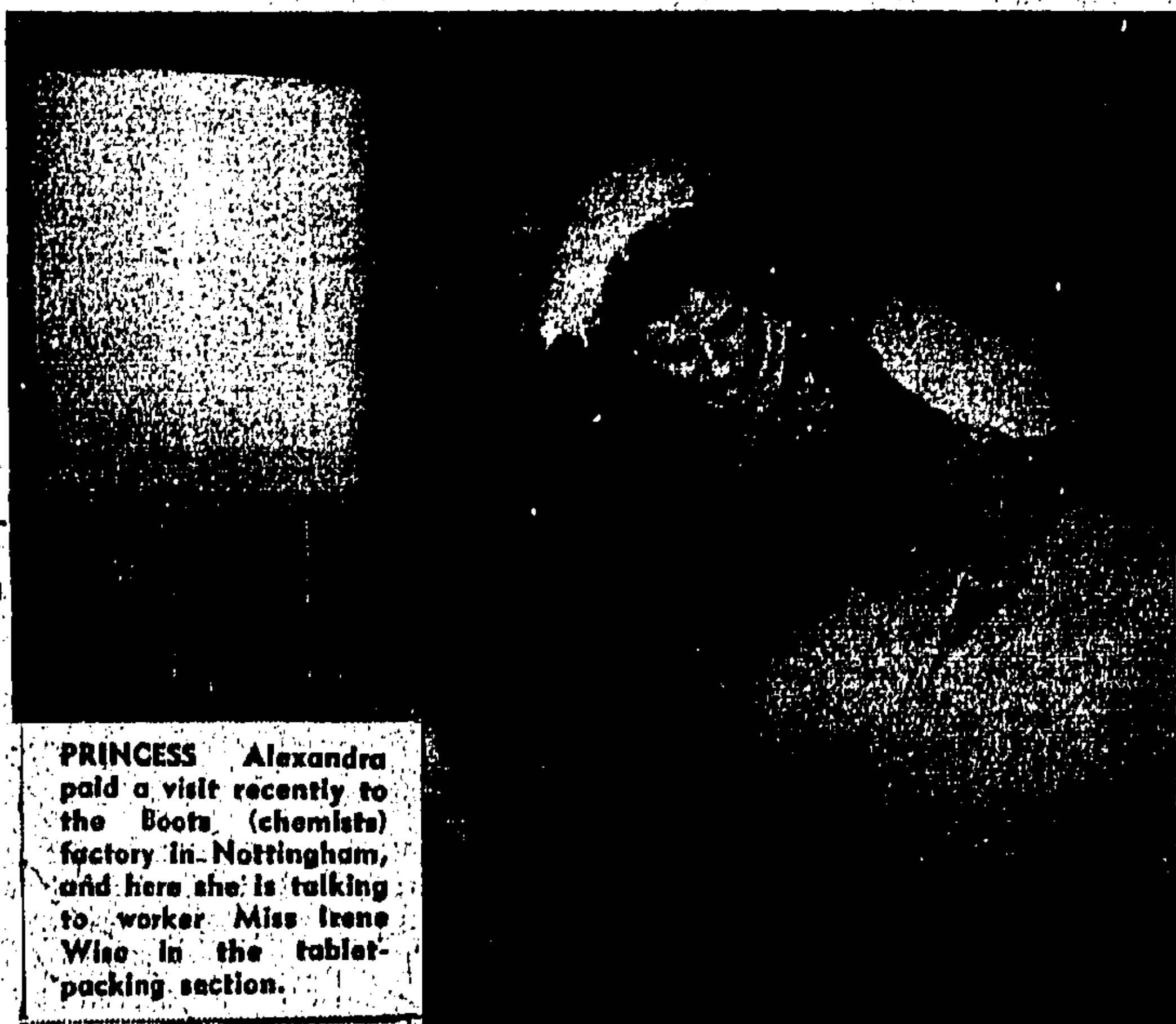
EXPRESS PHOTOS



BRITAIN'S three surviving Philp quadruplets are pictured celebrating their first birthday last week with their mother, Mrs Peter Philp. One of the quads died shortly after birth. The others, as you can see, are doing nicely.



THE Duke of Kent and a pretty friend at last Wednesday's Fourth of June celebrations at Eton College, which vies with Harrow for the title of Britain's leading public school.



PRINCESS Alexandra paid a visit recently to the Boots (chemists) factory in Nottingham, and here she is talking to worker Miss Irene Wile in the tablet-packing section.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ANOTHER SHORT STORY

By GEORGE RAMAGE

I'll Never Understand Women!

It had to be just like that. No other way. Me at the battered round table. In that scruffy little bar. Getting madder and madder. Her, sitting with me, and yet not with me. Not now. Not with him at the bar, showing off. Giving her the smile when he thought I was busy with my drink. What a hope! I'd met his type before. Flashy dresser, plenty of cash, neat and clean and tidy. Good looking and the big smile. The way the girls like it. We both knew him, everybody knew him. 'Smiler,' the local boy who'd made good—at the dog tracks. And me at the warehouse, heaving my guts out to get enough to give her a good time.

You know what? This had been going on for weeks. He knew I was boiling up, and he was enjoying it. Every minute. And I took it. 'Cos I didn't want any trouble. Not with her around. Mind you, I didn't blame her. Maybe she was just a bit bored. Maybe I didn't make the right passes.

I picked up my glasses, and went to the bar. He must have seen me coming. In the mirror. 'Cos he turned, and asked, "Hello, sport, who's the girl?"

I looked down at him—yes, down. I was a head taller, and heavier, and tougher. I knew, then, what I had to do. I showed the glasses on the bar, and said, "I've been watching you." "You have, eh? So what?" He was having himself a good time.

I could feel myself bailing my fists, but I stopped that. No trouble—that was what I wanted. But not him. I knew that. He liked trouble. "Watch it," I told him, quietly, and turned to the barman.

"I've been watching it," he cracked, "and it's a bit of all-right." His drinking got easier. That was enough. I whistled round, and stuck a big fist under his nose. I just looked at him. I couldn't speak.

"Now don't be silly, Joe," she said, touching my arm. Her tell-

ing me not to be silly. I brushed her off. "Keep out of this," I said. Smiler stared at my fist, and then at the ceiling and then at me. I felt a bit sort of awkward. So I began to turn away. I saw him. I didn't blame her. And he smashed me on the cheekbone. I could feel his ring cut in. I grabbed him by the front of his jacket and lifted him. He'd asked for it, and he'd get it.

★ ★ ★

I dropped the ladykiller back on his seat. He was white, and I felt good. This time I sneered at him. "Don't push it. You'll get hurt," I said. He swung at me again. I blocked it somehow, and hit back at his pretty face. I wanted to smash him, but he ducked. I saw his knee coming up just in time, and got my foot across his instep. I saw the rest of the crowd falling back out of the way. I was raging and tried to stop it. I only wanted to fix him—I didn't want trouble. So, as he rushed me again, I slung one at his middle. That was the game. But he twisted away, and chopped me across the mouth. It hurt. Cut my lips a bit. That's all. But it meant I had to put him away. So I shuffled forward, crouched, weaving my fists the way I'd seen it done. But he kept moving and turning and moving around pretty fast. A racehorse, this one. I watched him. He was smiling again. A nasty smile. He pushed out his fist. It was slow, and I blocked it away. Then something crashed on my jaw, and I was on my knees. A slip, that's all. I shook my head. As I came up he stepped forward quickly. I saw his feet dance in. And then he tore one across my eyes and followed round with his elbow. I felt my nose crunch. I was crazy, and lashed out as I rose. Nothing. Nothing there.

★ ★ ★

I couldn't see. I heard him jeering. "Watch it!" he kept snarling, and I felt the ring cutting into my face again and again. I was being battered, and I couldn't see him. I spat the blood out of my mouth and wagged my head to clear it. Then I was bashed on the chin. I was down again. It was impossible. I hadn't fixed him yet. I began to get up.

"Let me help you, sport," I heard him say, far in the mist.

'Mind you, I didn't blame her. Maybe she was just a bit bored. Maybe I don't make the right passes'

I hung on to hands that seemed to want to lift me. I began to settle my feet flat on the floor, and that voice came again. "This from us both, chump," I heard. Then a blast at the back of my neck, and a roaring, angry cry. And then the coming back through the fog, and again his voice. Softer now. "Let's go somewhere decent and get acquainted, honey." And her laughing "O.K."—but who'd look after Joe?—that's me. That's funny.

I shook my head, and pushed myself on to my feet. I knew where I was—the Black Lion bar. But I still couldn't see, so I just stood there. I could feel myself swaying backwards and forwards. "Joe," I mumbled, "you've just taken a bashing. Surprised?" And then the hum of bar business started again. Surprised? Yes, I couldn't figure it out. I meant to fix Smiler, and it didn't go that way. He'd just toyed with me.

And now for surprise No. 2. I felt a touch on my arm, and a woman's voice said, "Come and sit down here, Joe. Let's fix you up a bit," and it was the landlady, a thin-faced, boss-eyed shrew who usually stood no nonsense in the pub. And there she was being kind to me. A crazy world, but she bathed my face and cleaned me up so I could see a bit out of one eye. I tried to sort it out. Me and Rosie. Practically fixed up. Along comes Smiler, throwing his weight about. So, I take him on. I don't worry too much, 'cos I'm a bit bigger and stronger and titter. And he sees me off. Then away he goes with Rosie. I just couldn't make it add up.

★ ★ ★

"Joe," whispered Mrs Stratton, "we don't want any more trouble here. Drink this and go home, that's a good lad." And she pushed a glass into my hand. You won't believe this, but she sounded sorry for me. I couldn't bear it, so I downed the whisky, which stung my cut mouth, and made for the door. I didn't thank her and I didn't need to.

I reached my lodgings alright. I got a mirror and examined my face as well as I could. I looked as if it had been ploughed up. Then I went to bed. I lay there worrying for a time. Not about Smiler. Not even about Rosie. But only about the ribbing I'd have to take at the warehouse, when I showed my face the next day.

I took the ribbing for nearly a fortnight, until I looked fairly alright, and could see out of both eyes. I took all their game and kept quiet. Then the foreman was up in court on a maintenance thing, so I wasn't bothered any more.

I was sitting in the Black Lion one night about a month after my scrap with Smiler. I was weighing up form on the Derby when, over the top of my newspaper, I noticed Bill Charlton come in, look around, and see me. Bill's one of my work-mates, but I don't see much of him in the warehouse. He's an ex-boxer, living in the past. Get him started and he'll give you his ring history. He used to fight to eat. He's not punchy, but he's pretty well scared.

He got himself a beer, and we'll stop using gloves."

usual spot, the round table. He sat down and asked how I was. I said I was ticking over. He had something on his mind. So, I just waited. He took a deep swig of his beer, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and leaned forward.

"Joe," he growled. I nodded. "Joe—what you going to do about Smiler?" I groaned. I'd thought that was finished. I could tell he had something on his mind, 'cos he kept screwing up his face and cracking his knuckles. Loud, bone-grinding cracks.

★ ★ ★

"Joe," he began again, "I been thinking." I waited. "About Smiler and Rosie and you." I gave him no help at all. Smiler's not doing right by Rosie. Did you know? I shook my head. "He's keen on women," Bill continued, his lips forming each word before he said it. I nodded. "You still keen on Rosie?" I shrugged my shoulders. He thought for a while. "You want to fix Smiler?" And having said that he grinned with relief. He'd done what he came to do.

"Old I want to fix Smiler!" "Go on," I said. I could see him sizing me up, deciding, "How'd you like to take Smiler on again—and lick him?" As he asked this Bill stared past my left shoulder and crack-cracked his knuckles. Well, some three pints later it was all settled. Bill would coach and train me for a return with Smiler and I'd see to Bill's bar account.

This, said Bill, was a fair arrangement. "We both drink about the same, but you'll have to cut it out now. So, it's not going to cost you a cent." I argued about being so strict in training, but Bill looked at the bar-clock, muttered, "Nine o'clock. Time for your bed," and had me outside the door before I'd even started to laugh.

The next three weeks were sheer hell. Bill talked Mrs Stratton into letting him turn an old junk-shop at the back of the Black Lion into a sort of gym. This was amazing. But when she found him marking out the exact bar area in this gym she put her foot down. No more fighting in her house! However, she did agree to the use of her boiler-room as a 'sweat box.' So every night after work, I changed into a sweater and old grey flannels, and pounded the ribbing I'd have to take at the warehouse, by coaching from Bill and a session in the 'sweat box.'

At the end of the third week I told Bill I didn't think Smiler would agree even to eight-ounce gloves, never mind the featherbeds we were using. He nodded. "That's right, Joe. I'm having a couple of headguards made for Monday, and then we'll stop using gloves."

So the next fortnight was more training, coaching without gloves, and something else. Bill began teaching me the 'tricks'—all the 'dirt' he'd picked up in the ring and around dockland. Now I knew how to punch. I could move and keep moving, and I was a full stone lighter. One night, after a session of rabbit-punching, I asked him when "We're getting organised," he said no more.

On Wednesday of the next week we had an easy day at the warehouse. It sometimes happens like that. Maybe there was a strike somewhere. Bill came up just before knocking-off time, patted me on the shoulder, and told me there was no training that night. I couldn't believe it.

"Meet me at the Railway Arms at eight. We're having a drink with some of the boys." Then I knew, 'cos that was Smiler's district. It was going to be an away match. Funny thing was, I couldn't get worked up about it. But, of course, I went along. Bill was there with three handy-looking characters. I knew by sight. Just in case I supposed. He ordered me a shandy. "Don't want to slow you down," he told me. "How'd you know he'll come?" I asked. He grinned. "He's been tipped off, so he's got to come."

And sure enough he did. The same old Smiler, making a big entrance at the far end of the bar. But not the same old Rosie. Bill saw me tense when I saw her, and muttered, "Yes, she's the family way, alright."

That did it. I didn't bother to walk. I made straight for Smiler and stood over him. "Remember me?" I asked. "Sure, you're the boy wonder," drawled. Give him his due, he was enjoying it once again. So, I slipped him across the face. Just to start it. He moved out quick. But I was ready this time. I reckon in the next few minutes I pulled every boxing trick Bill had taught me. Mostly dirty. And I was after his face. It was dead easy.

He came boring in, slow as an old mule. I pushed him off with my left and crashed over my right across his mouth. I felt his teeth go, and I laughed. I went on to tear him up a bit. I didn't forget the rabbit-punch or the pay-off one to the kidneys. I kneed him a couple of times and chopped him as he jerked forward. He never troubled me. I was too quick, too sure, too cold.

I let him flounder a bit, and then, with a "That's for Rosie," I gave him a one-two-three smacked him as he went down. He choked for breath, and lay there, doubled up, not smiling any more. I'd made a nice job of his face. But I didn't feel hot or happy. It had been too easy. This was what I'd always meant to do. And when Bill and the boys crowded round all I could say was, "Let's get out of here." Which was just as well with the locals creating and talking about the police.

We made our way to the door without any objections, but to my surprise—'cos I'd forgotten about it—Rosie stood in our path. She was splitting mad. "You've cut him up deliberately," she screamed, "well, how'd you like it?" And with that she clawed down my face with her nails. I've still got the marks, but right then she could have done it again and I wouldn't have stopped her.

You see, deep down I thought that fixing Smiler would put me alright with Rosie. Nothing of the kind. She kept down and crooned over him and kept screaming at me. So I shrugged my shoulders and left. I'll never understand women.

PIDGIN LANGUAGES

Robert Wallace Thompson



ABACUS

The calculating machine is still widely used in Hongkong. It is a frame with balls sliding on wires and was used much more extensively in former times. The name and the object were known to the Romans who had them from the Greeks. The use of the abacus contributed greatly to rapid and accurate ciphering before the adoption of nine figures and zero.

ALL

This English word is often used as an intensifier in Pidgin compounds. All-plops (=all proper) meaning 'quite right' is listed by Leland, who also mentions the well-known all-same which means 'like, as, similar, identical, agreeing with,' according to context. Leland also records all 'every.' "All man talker my so fashion."

ALMARI

A wardrobe in the Indo-Portuguese dialect, almari in standard Portuguese. The same word was borrowed by Hindi as almari and by Anglo-Indians as almara. In the Ext. Records of the Burgh of Glasgow, 1670, there is an interesting reference to a remarkably similar form in a text of 1589 written in somewhat broad Scots: "...Item one langsettle, item and almari, are hair, and salt barrel" which I translate as 'one sofa, one wardrobe, one chest, one sideboard.' I believe this Scots word to be from the French where armoire still exists in the modern standard language with a similar sense.

BAD HEART

An expression used for many kinds of evil-mindedness. You belongy too much bad heart. "How very bloody-minded of you!"

BANJEE

A band of music, according to Leland who asks if it is Anglo-Indian. I have never heard this word in Hongkong and would be delighted to get information about it (or about any other Hongkong word) from those who read this column.

BANISHEE

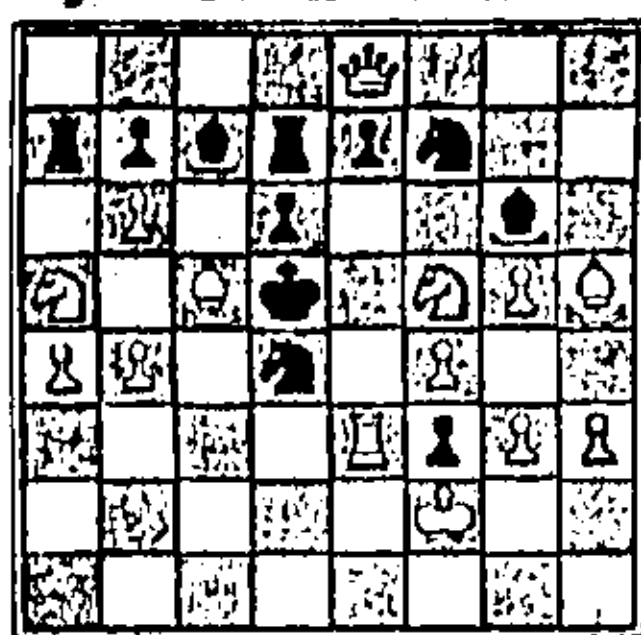
The Hongkong Press uses this name for people who have been banished from Hongkong for some misdemeanour. The griffin, missing the middle 't', is often shocked to read headings such as "Banishee arrested" and starts to hunt the leprechaun.

BELONGEY

Also belongy, blong, etc., all of which are printed references to a pidgin form derived from English 'belong.' It appears to be used in situations where a copula behaving in a similar way to the English verb 'to be' is felt to be indispensable. Examples quoted by Leland are: "You belongy too much bad heart." "My belongy Consoo boy am the Consul's servant." "You belong clever inside." "You are intelligent." "You belongy fool." "No belongy reason (ie. reason), 'it is not reasonable.'"

CHESS

By LEONARD BARDEN

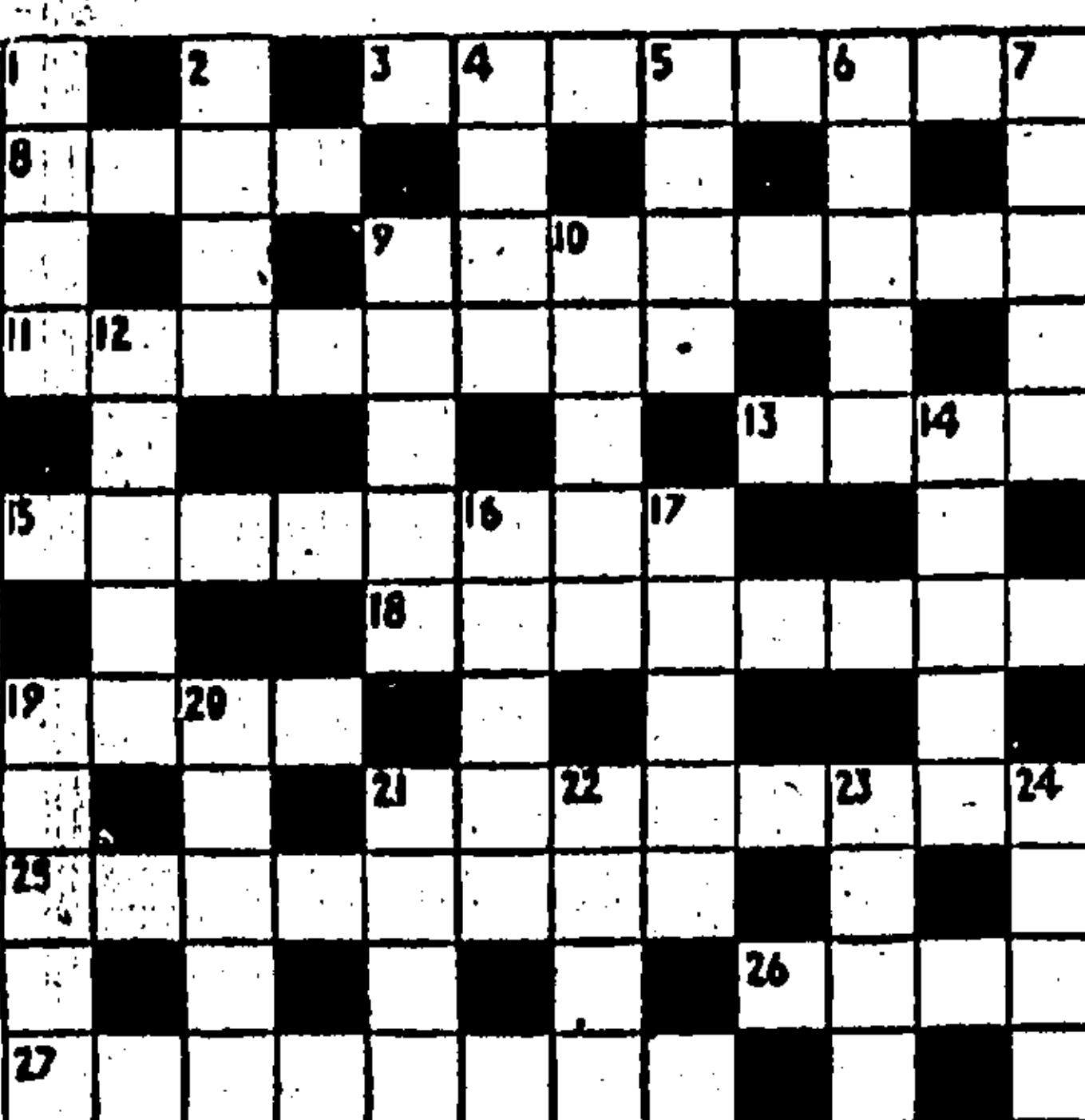


Here is a problem specially contributed by the Rev. Dr. H. M. Repton (Saxmundham). White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution No. 5417: 1. ... R-R8 ch; 2 R-K12, B-B8 ch; 3 K-K14, B-R6 mate.

London Express Service

A British Crossword Puzzle



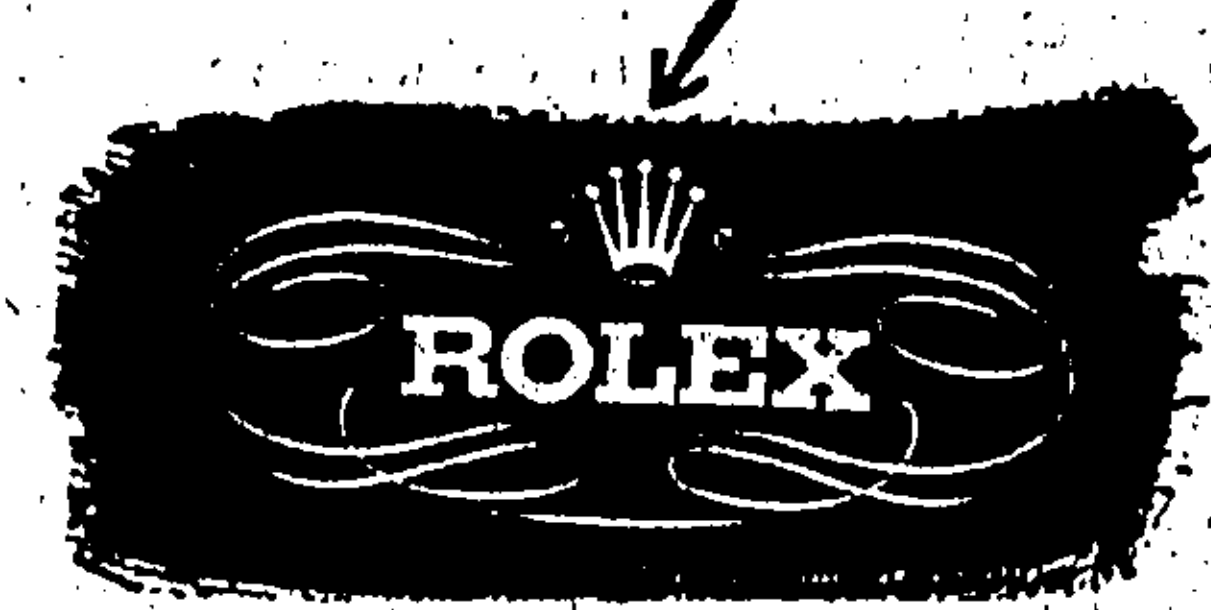
- ACROSS
- 3 Epithet for the Liberal party? (8)
 - 9 Crowd noise (4)
 - 10 Desire to succeed (8)
 - 11 Speedy delivery (4, 4)
 - 13 How expensive you are, laudat (4)
 - 16 Such relations show refinement (8)
 - 18 He's against bull (8)
 - 19 Cheque counterfoil? (4)
 - 21 Permit to go by Harwich, perhaps? (8)
 - 23 Opera you can play by yourself (8)
 - 26 Can you read film like a book? (4)
 - 27 Very critical outburst (8)
- DOWN
- 1 Count in German (4)
 - 2 Ticket of leave? (4)
 - 4 Novel girl (4)
 - 5 Something really bad to live up to (4)
 - 6 Girl in voile (5)
 - 7 Mr Spain (5)
 - 8 Concerning a bit of a fight (6)
 - 10 Make indistinct (6)
 - 12 Out of one's teens (5)
 - 14 Probably clandestine affair (8)
 - 16 Tree with red berries (5)
 - 17 Let (5)
 - 18 Toothsome (5)
 - 20 It makes a marine blue (5)
 - 21 William? (5)
 - 22 Blacking (4)
 - 23 Just the sione dor a ring, chum (4)
 - 24 In that case (4)

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 3 Operetta, 8 Iris, 9 Edgemoor, 11 Repulse, 13 Bevy, 15 Good turn, 16 Enuring, 17 Test, 21 Possible, 26 Alliance, 28 Stop (rev.), 27 Pressing. Down: 1 Liar, 2 Limp, 4 Peds, 5 Teeds, 6 Those, 7 Apply, 9 Blate, 10 Cows, 12 Hope, 14 Vernal, 15 Untold, 17 Nurse, 19 Trem, 20 Solve, 21 Pass, 22 Scan, 23 Bull, 24 Dany.



"NO LADY, IT AIN'T APPENED 'ERE—WE'RE ONLY OUT ON A ROUTE MARCH."

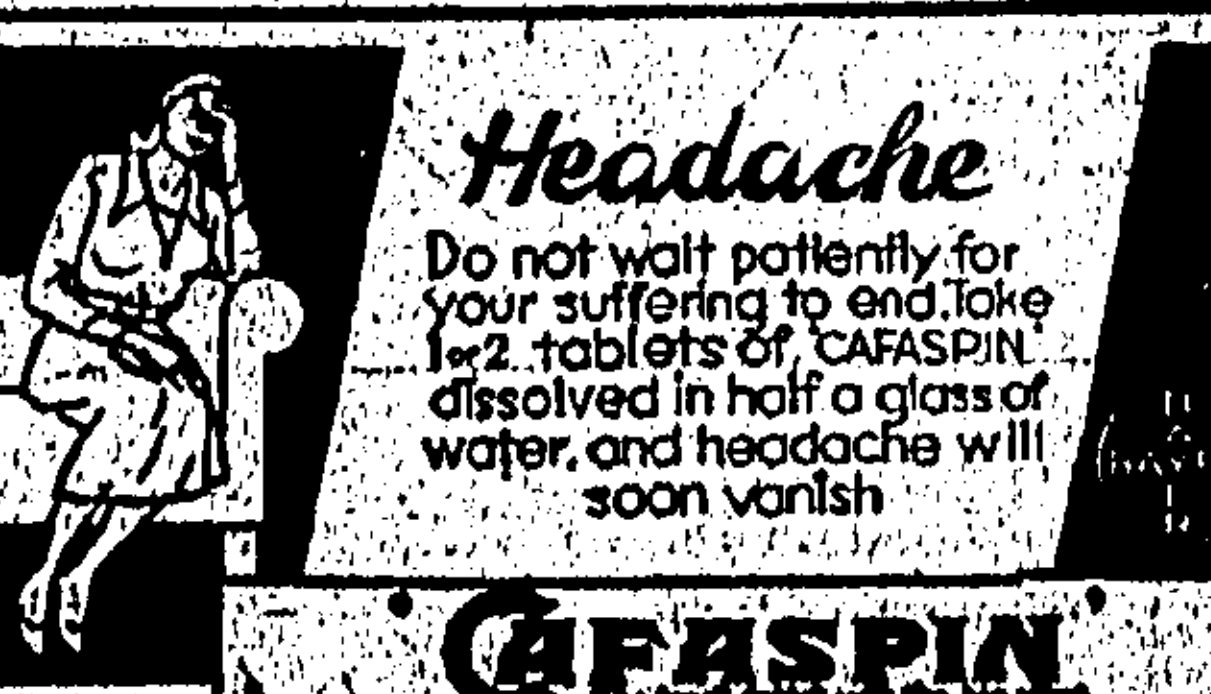
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CAFASPIN

THE MANIAC STRIKES

ONE of us had to die. We had countless miles of the snow-covered Siberian plain to ourselves—but there was not enough room for both of us.

The question was: Would I be able to kill my crazy companion before he struck? Or would the maniac's cunning be too much for me!

Death had been my shadow for years, but now he tramped beside me step by step across the frozen waste.

I ate with him, talked to him, slept beside him... and watched... and watched... and watched... And Death, in the shape of a blood-hungry bandit, watched me, his great eyes full of madness.

One of us had to die... and I did not mean it to be me.

I had come 1,700 miles since my escape from a Russian slave camp on Cape East, on the bank of the Behring Strait.

Thousands of miles by ahead of me, and at the end of my journey was HOME. But would I ever live to see Munich, which I had left so cheerfully in the uniform of a Wehrmacht paratrooper officer? Not if Grigori had his way.

Grigori, a Russian, had escaped from another slave camp—a gold mine. For nine months, he and two other escaped convicts, Anatole and Semyon, had been my comrades.

GOLD LUST

Until we discovered that Grigori was carrying a huge gold nugget he had stolen, we were almost friends. Then gold lust seized us. Semyon stole the nugget and tried to flee with our sledge and reindeer.

In the battle that followed, Anatole was shot dead and



'I bounced from rock to rock like a rubber ball'

Grigori blew off Semyon's head at close range.

AND THEN THERE WERE TWO.

Grigori and I looked at each other and realised there would have to be an armistice. We were lost. In the battle we had struggled over a wide area away from our precious sledge.

We noticed that sledge to live. There was time enough to die when we found it. Besides, we were both armed.

"Come, German," said Grigori, "well search for the sledge."

For miles we walked in silence. Then Grigori suggested that I should empty the magazine of my rifle.

I said I would—if he would empty his.

We walked on without a word, with our rifles still loaded, and it was an hour before he spoke again.

"German," he said, "I'll carry the ammunition and you, carry the gun."

I studied the proposition carefully, sitting it for a trick, but

found no possible way in which he could double-cross me.

We unloaded simultaneously and I handed him the ammunition. He gave me the guns. For a while we walked on until Grigori had another idea.

"These guns are heavy. Give them to me and you can carry the ammunition for a while."

I wasn't fooled by his sudden concern for me. I felt quite certain that he had already hidden a couple of rounds, probably in his cap.

But I didn't want to inflame him. I didn't want a hand-to-hand fight to the death in the snow while there was still a chance of humoring him and winning his confidence.

Slowly, carefully, we swapped our burdens. And after that Grigori walked a few paces behind me. Every time I glanced over my shoulder his mud eyes were boring into my back.

At dusk we decided to make our camp for the night. We were both starving. But neither of us would trust the other with a loaded gun to shoot something to eat.

WE PRETENDED

We lit a fire. But even this took a long time, because we were watching each other all the time. Then we lay down, hungry, beside it and pretended to sleep.

Next morning the hunger was unendurable. For a long time I studied Grigori's face and then I decided to take a chance. I dipped into my pocket and slowly handed him over one cartridge.

He took it without a word, picked up his gun and went away. A few minutes later I heard a shot. Grigori came back with a dove and I roasted it.

And that was the way we worked for three days—one cartridge a day. One shot. One meal.

On the fourth day we found tracks of the two reindeer. We had stolen many months back to pull the sledge. We followed them and rounded up the animals. But still we had not found the sledge.

● CLEMENS FORELL, the German who walked 8,000 miles to freedom from a Russian prison camp, has written the greatest real-life escape story of our time.

● This dramatic sketch by Arthur Wragg illustrates one of the most terrifying incidents of his journey—when his companion went mad and pushed him over a cliff. Forell, by a fantastic feat of endurance, survived to tell the miraculous tale.

Clemens Forell's escape story is told by J. M. Butler in "As Far as My Feet will Carry Me" (Deutsch, 16s.).

The next day we climbed a small hill and found ourselves gung down a steep rocky slope—almost a cliff.

Could the reindeer, which we were leading, cross it, I wondered.

Suddenly Grigori, who was just behind me, pointed to a spot about 200 yards away.

"Look," he whispered. "The sledge... down there among the trees."

I strained my eyes. I could see the trees, but not the sledge. I took a step right to the edge of the slope and leaned forward to get a better view.

Then, with a shriek of triumph, Grigori pounced. His shoulder hit me in the small of the back.

I poised for a second, then plunged over the edge, fell six feet, crashed into a rock, and spun round, scrambling frantically at the gravel to stop my fall.

I rolled faster, head over heels, gathering momentum, bouncing from rock to rock, like a ball on a pin-table.

Pain lanced my legs, my ribs, my shoulders. The world swirled round me and disappeared. I awoke in agony.

Every movement made me gasp. It hurt to breathe. One foot was twisted and throbbing heavily. My fingers were broken.

THE KILL

I saw a grey sky above me and ground sloping away from me. For a moment I hadn't any idea who I was, where I was, or what had happened.

Then I saw Grigori silhouetted on the hill above me. The vicious memories surged back and I tried to brace myself as I saw him slithering towards me.

He was moving in for the kill. Of that I was certain. The hill blurred in front of me and disappeared in a wave of blackness.

There was no sign of Grigori when I came to. I tried to stand and found I couldn't. But at least I was alive—and that was a miracle.

I levered myself on to my elbow and looked around. A few yards away I saw a sheep, shot through the heart. Grigori must have left it for me.

But it was not a gift. I had been made to pay dearly for that sheep. He had stolen my rifle, the pistol I had smuggled out of the slave camp, and the little pouch of the gold dust we had panned from a Siberian stream.

All I had left to defend myself now was my kendra, a long, slim, dangerously sharp Siberian knife. And I had only one arm

with which to use it, for the other hung quite limp.

A wave of bitter, black despair swept me. It had taken me a year to plough my way across one-third of Siberia. At least another 5,000 miles lay between me and freedom.

Now I couldn't even walk any more. For a moment I wanted to die.

But only for a moment. After a while I drew my kendra and began crawling towards the dead sheep. I reached it, rested for a while, then sliced through the heavy fleece and cut a small piece of meat.

I dragged myself to the fringe of some trees and collected some twigs. Slowly, painfully, I built a fire and lit it with the aid of my tinder-box.

NO STRENGTH

I cooked the scraps into flames with cartridge powder—he had left me my ammunition—and began roasting the meat.

The fire warmed me and brought new hope. The meat sizzled and my stomach contracted at the thought of a meal.

But then the twigs burned low. I tried to collect more, but I found I hadn't the strength. The fire died out with the meat barely singed.

Exhausted, embittered, frustrated, I lay down, turning my face away from the twinkling stars. I was too cold to sleep.

Next morning, every joint in my body was swollen and rigid and I was swamped with pain. I tried to stand but I folded up like a jack-knife and fell.

I knew that several ribs must be broken.

I knew, too, that I had to keep moving to live. I saw my haversack 60 yards away and began crawling towards it.

I was panting and sweating by the time I reached it. Before I could drag it to the trees where there was wood for a fire and shelter from the wind I had to rest for a few hours.

Then another agonising journey. Again I made it. I got my fire going, finished roasting the piece of sheep and had a meal.

Every action was in slow motion—but it was action and that was all that mattered.

Day after day I struggled on. There are gaps in my memory about this period, because at times I fell unconscious.

But each day I set myself a target—sometimes it would be a tree only 100 yards away—and most days I reached it.

For a while nothing else worried me except that target. I seemed to forget that I was almost defenceless, wide open to attack by man or beast.

But as I grew stronger, fear returned.

I began to dread the night and the darkness it brought. I sat over my fire, gazing into the solid blackness, straining my eyes until they hurt.

I would focus on a shadow and sit for hours, staring at it, until it began to sway and shift and take form before me.

MY FEARS

And the stronger I grew, the stronger grew my fears. Even in daylight, when I lay exhausted after carrying my pack a few hundred yards, my brain would tie itself in a knot of fear.

I found myself gazing back over the way I had come, hypnotised by the dark mark of a bush, jutting from the snow, waiting tense and weak for it to start crawling towards me.

Early one morning, just before dawn, I woke to face real danger. I couldn't see it, but I could smell it—a strange, acrid, animal smell... THE SMELL OF WOLVES.

It was not new to me. But one last time there had been four of us—Anatole, Grigori, Semyon and myself. And we had been armed.

We had killed the leader of the wolf pack and sent the rest flying. Now it was very different.

I was alone. I had only a knife. I could barely walk. But instinctively my broken fingers closed, cautiously, round my kendra and I sat down to wait.

I knew exactly what the wolves would do. They feared men. So they tried to surround them noiselessly, and launch a surprise attack.

A couple of shots usually scattered them—but, if they found one man alone and without a gun, they would forget about caution and hunt themselves at him, relying on weight of numbers.

Slowly, daylight filtered through the forest. I sat quite motionless, almost afraid to breathe in case the noise betrayed me.

On the far side of a clearing among the trees I saw shadows shifting close to the ground and this I was not imagining.

The first howl came from the clearing... long, low, some, terrifying. My spine turned to ice.

Another howl—nearer this time—and I was running. I was stumbling, hopping across the melting snow, though a few minutes earlier I could barely walk.

PANTED

I pelted towards the only climbable tree I could see—a small larch that was not much more than a sapling.

As I panted towards it I heard the pad-pad-pad of the pack. And then I saw them, closing in for the kill, pounding towards me, snarling, fangs bared.

I spurred. Their leader spurred, too, surging ahead of the rest with huge, silent strides, striving to head me off before I reached safely.

I saw his long back, with his striped fur, I saw his fiery eyes. I saw his fangs and his jaws and the wisps of vapour from them. Then I leapt.

The tree shuddered as I hit it. I clutched at a branch, strained upwards, kicking madly with my feet for a hold. There was no hold.

I tried the other side, where the thin trunk sloped away from me. I scrambled up it,

sweating, desperate, tearing the bark with my boots, whipped on by terror.

The leader leaped, a streak of steel grey. The jaws clashed inches from my heels. He fell back, twisted as he fell, and leapt again.

Again he missed. I was six feet up now and managed to pull myself another three feet higher. And there I had to stop, because I didn't dare go any further.

Already the tree was swaying under my weight. Its trunk was no thicker than a flag pole and the lower branches were not strong enough to bear the weight of my feet.

I clung there, supporting myself mainly with my hands, turning the soles of my boots inwards, striving to pinch them into the bark. My muscles burned with the pain and I knew I could not hold on for long.

The whole pack was below me now... 20 of them, 23, maybe more. Numbers didn't matter, anyway, for I knew there were more than enough to rip me to pieces in the space of a few seconds.

For a moment they held back, swirling, snarling, jockeying for position, gathering strength for the last assault. Then three of them leapt simultaneously.

They collided in mid-air and tumbled back into the struggling, howling mass.

And then the tree began to bend.

Slowly it keeled over, arching gracefully, lowering me gently towards the ground. Hypnotised, I saw the wolves come closer, quiet and tense.

HELPLESS

I tensed, too. The gap narrowed. As the wolves sprang, I thrust with my feet, felt them crack on a wolf's back, heard a yelp of pain and sprang myself up in the air again.

The larch sprang up as straight as a Guardsman—but it was too supple.

Slowly it began to curve again—the other way this time.

Helpless, petrified, I came down. I heard the slender trunk crack and saw the wolves come up to meet me. I thrust down savagely with my boots and catapulted back to safety once more.

For a second the tree poised upright again, as if it were drawing a breath.

Then over it went for the third time. This time the crack from the trunk was even louder. And this time my leg was weaker, a last desperate, despairing effort.

Up I soared. But there was no breath, because I wasn't strong enough to thrust the tree upright.

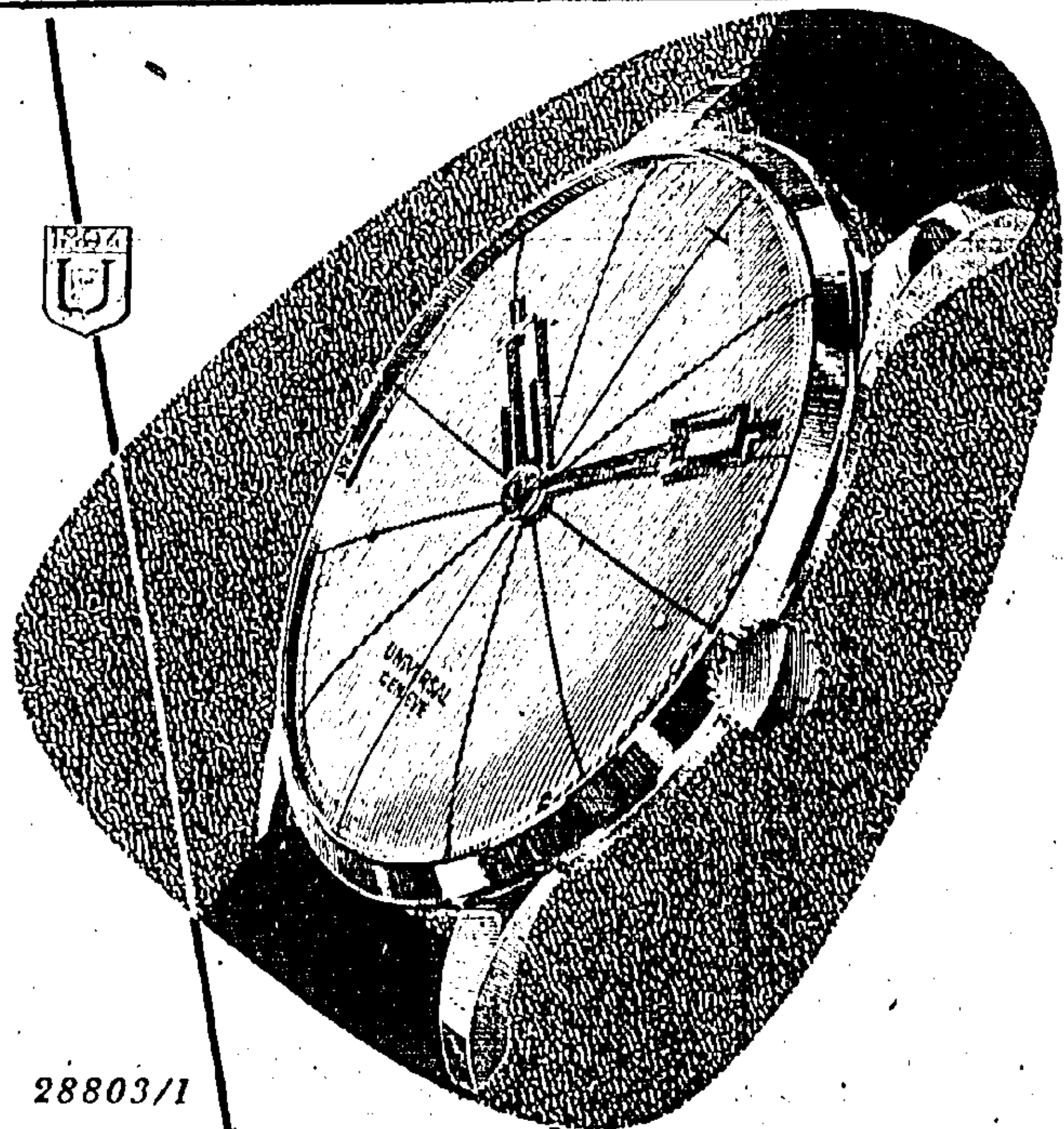
Swiftly it sagged again, as if it wanted to get the whole ghastly business over.

I felt my numb, twisted fingers parting. I felt my aching palms ripping on the smooth bark. I glanced at the snarling sea of grey as it rushed towards me.

Then I fell into a swirl of blackness.

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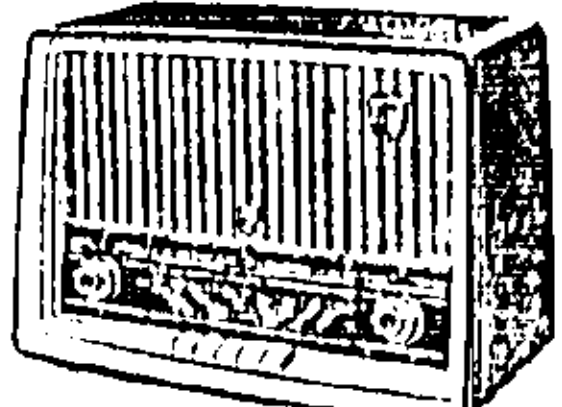
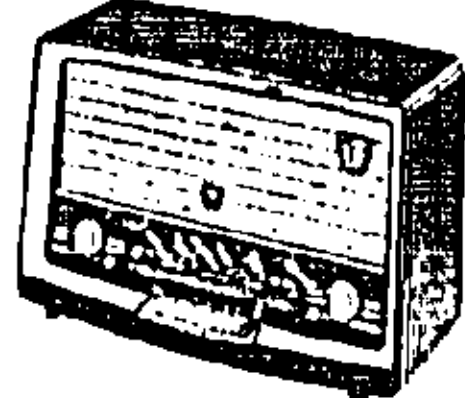
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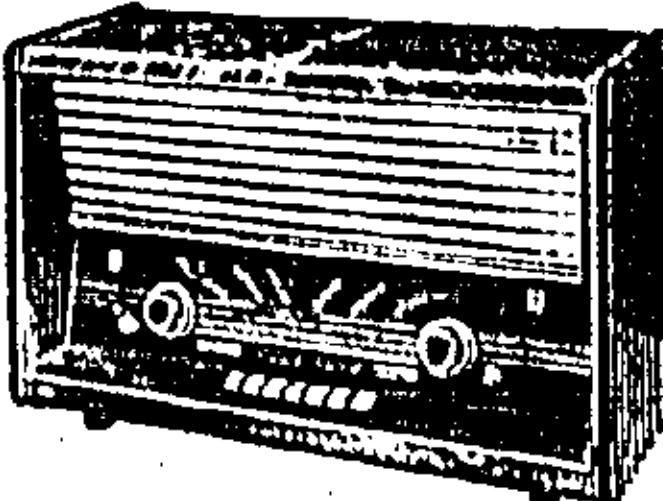
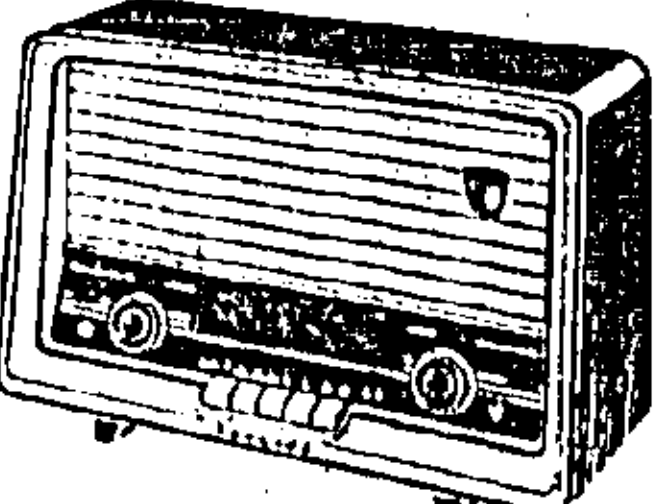


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SENSATIONS OF SPORT No. 4

CAPTAIN WEBB'S LAST SWIM

At one o'clock in the afternoon of August 24, 1875, a barrel-chested young man, greased with porpoise fat, dived off the end of Dover Pier and struck out with powerful breast-strokes in the direction of France, some 21 miles away.

Captain Matthew Webb had begun the first successful assault by a swimmer on the English Channel — a feat which was to take him nearly 22 hours to accomplish and which was not to be repeated for 36 years.

Accompanied by a lugger, and fortified at intervals by beef-ten, cod-liver oil, brandy, strong old ale and hot coffee, Webb battled against seemingly impossible odds. He was stung by jelly-fish, carried miles off course by the tide, and almost overcome by cold and sleepiness. After twelve hours in the water he was so exhausted that the lugger's crew prepared to haul him aboard.

But Webb would not admit defeat—even though his progress was scarcely perceptible in the increasingly rough sea.

By nine o'clock in the morning the valiant swimmer had only one more mile to go. He took over an hour and a half to cover the distance, staggered on to the beach at Calais, and collapsed.

Matthew Webb had achieved what the world had thought to be impossible. He had swum about 38 miles in 21 hours 45 minutes to become the first man to cross the Channel entirely under his own power. And he had done it without such modern aids as goggles, weather-forecasting, and trim motor-boats.

The 27-year-old English sea-captain became famous. He was feted in England and France; public subscriptions were raised on his behalf; he was entertained by the Lord Mayor of London.

All Webb's great feats were achieved by his phenomenal swimming powers. But the Niagara assault was a different matter. Everyone who had special knowledge of the Falls

swore that his plan could only be accomplished by the greatest luck, not by mere strength, endurance and skill, however well combined.

Webb thought otherwise. In an interview with the New York Herald, he said: "I think I am strong enough and skilled enough to get through alone."

"People at Niagara Falls tell me that I will be simply committing suicide. You ought to hear the blood-curdling stories that were related for my benefit. A year or two ago, a boy who was paddling around in the shore water was drawn into the rapids and had his head cut off. A girl fell into the river last summer from the suspension bridge, and when her dead body was picked up at the other end of the rapids it was bereft of all clothing, but a pair of stockings."

don't appear at Covent Garden promenade concerts.

For the next few years, Webb gave exhibitions of diving and endurance swimming. But, gradually, his popularity and strength began to wane, until eventually, like so many heroes, he was almost forgotten.

★ ★ ★

Webb so missed the fame he had won by swimming the Channel that he decided to do something even more sensational, something that would capture the imagination of all the world and regain his position as a public hero.

In 1883, the conqueror of the Channel announced that he would now attempt the most difficult swim of all time. He would endeavour to swim the rapids and whirlpool below Niagara Falls.

All his life, Matthew Webb had been creating sensations by his acts of supreme courage. Born in Shropshire, one of a family of twelve children, he learned to swim at the age of seven. He was only ten when he dived into the River Severn to save one of his seven brothers from drowning.

★ ★ ★

As a boy-sailor, he leaped into the River Mersey to save another life, and, in 1873, while serving on the Channel steamship, *Russia*, he swam for nearly half an hour in a bid to rescue a seaman blown into the sea by an Atlantic gale. His gallantry won him the first Stanhope gold medal awarded by the Royal Humane Society.

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"In 23 years they say that 80 persons have lost their lives in the rapids."

Explaining his intentions, Webb at least showed that he had coolly considered the dangers he was going to face and had calculated his chances of overcoming them. His chief problems, he said, were to avoid being dashed against subaqueous rocks and being drawn into the middle of the whirlpool.

At that time it was estimated that 80 million tons of water swept over the precipice every hour. The cataract plunges down with unimaginable velocity and reappears about three quarters of a mile lower down in boiling eddies, which dash against the rocks on either bank and are hurled back in shoots which, converging, produce a whirlpool about a quarter of a mile long.

★ ★ ★

But between the base of the cataract and the rapids lies a stretch of water as calm as a pool, over which a ferry boat can ply without danger.

It was Webb's plan to dive into this "pool," to float into the rapids, and then, by dint of sheer muscular strength, to swim clear of rocks and whirlpool until he had reached a landing point several miles downstream.

The captain estimated that it would take him three or four hours to get out of the circle of the whirlpool, even if he kept, as planned, on the edge of its widest circumference. While in the rapids, he said, he would dive for as long as possible whenever he found the torrent too powerful.

"The current, they say, is 30 m.p.h. and the river is 85 ft deep. I am only afraid of two awful ledges of pointed rocks which jut out from the shores into the whirlpool. The water will shriek and hiss as it boils over them."

★ ★ ★

"Now I want to avoid the sides and yet I dare not go into the middle, for there lies the vortex, and that means death."

Hundreds of people lined the banks of the river on the appointed day, July 24, 1883. Their chatter was drowned by the roar of falling water which, for miles around, could be heard like a continuous rumble of thunder.

At precisely four o'clock in the afternoon, Capt Webb was rowed out to the centre of the "pool" below Niagara Falls. On the way, ferryman John McCloy made one last effort to dissuade him from foolhardy enterprise.



Captain Webb lifted his hands dramatically and was then drawn under the water, never to be seen alive again.

McCloy asked his passenger how much money he had left from his profitable conquest of the Channel. Webb replied that he had about 15,000 dollars.

"Then," said McCloy, "let me row you ashore to spend the rest of your money before you try this swim."

Webb laughed, but said nothing. He stood up in the boat and stripped down to the red silk trunk in which he had conquered the Channel eight years before. A man of such stubborn courage could not dream of turning back at this late stage.

At two minutes past four, the famous swimmer dived into the water and swam leisurely downstream.

As he approached the rapids, the rushing waters began to carry him along at a fearful pace. At one moment he was lifted high on the crest of a wave; at the next he disappeared into a deep trough. He bobbed along like a cork at such speed that he covered one and a quarter miles in five minutes. Once he was drawn under by the current and rose 150 yards from the spot where he sank.

A quarter of a mile from the whirlpool, there is a sudden bend in the river and here the waves strike the American shore with terrific force, and a veritable hell of waters is created. It was at this point, where the pull of the whirlpool is first

felt, that Webb faced the greatest danger.

Reaching it, he sank suddenly, and a cry of despair went up from the spectators. He emerged again, but was swept on into the neck of the whirlpool.

Rising on the crest of the highest wave, Webb, with his face towards the Canadian shore, lifted his hands dramatically and was then precipitated into a yawning gulf.

For one moment his head appeared above the angry waters, but he was motionless and apparently at the mercy of the furious eddies. Then he was again drawn under the water. He was never seen alive again.

★ ★ ★

Five days later, his body was found at Lewiston, seven miles below the Falls. There was a cut on his head and a post-mortem revealed that the skull was fractured.

But medical evidence indicated that this had been sustained after death. A doctor testified that he thought the enormous force of water had paralysed the nerve centres and made breathing impossible.

★ ★ ★

But on the day of his last swim, Webb said he was not going to make any money out of the feat. It seems that the railway companies would not come to terms as they doubted until the very last moment that Webb was really serious.

So the brave Captain Webb died for no purpose. Even if he had succeeded, it would have demonstrated nothing, except that he had been remarkably lucky.

★ ★ ★

In the words of The Times: "It is even to be feared that if he had succeeded, others would have been tempted to emulate his exploit, so that the tale of wasted lives would have been added to the martyrology of 'heliocism'."

★ ★ ★

ENDS

— John Cottrell

★ ★ ★

BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

★ ★ ★

A GALLUP poll to ascertain why it is that so many people "don't know" when a poll is held has revealed that 78 per cent don't know why they don't know, and 22 per cent don't even know what it is they don't know.

★ ★ ★

It all depends

★ ★ ★

THE other day firemen rescued a horse which fell into a river. I would like to see the examination papers which young firemen have to answer now-days.

★ ★ ★

1. How would you release a camel stuck halfway down a chimney?

★ ★ ★

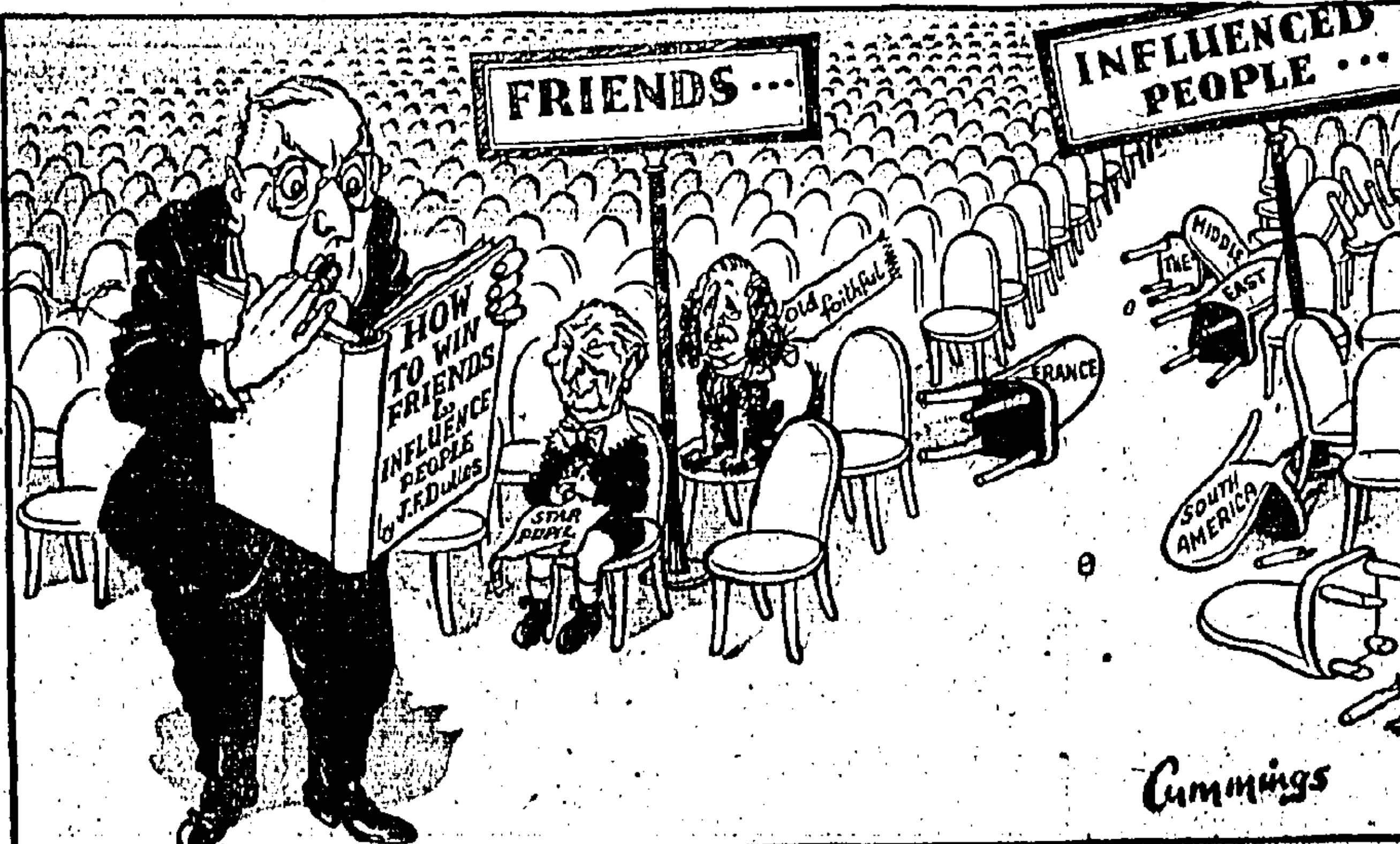
2. A cow gets its head stuck in a manhole in a busy street. What would you do?

★ ★ ★

3. Will a hose filled with glue, and played on starlings, cause a public building, facilitate their capture?

★ ★ ★

4. A lady's hand is wedged between railings. If released her would you pull her legs or her head?



"Maybe I should give myself an agonising re-appraisal..."

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

cool
or
warmWHICH
KIND OF
WOMAN
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THIS is the woman who will be a romantic all her life and because she—of all her sex—least shows signs of age there's every chance she'll find romance long after her contemporaries have well and truly had it.

Imaginative... sensitive to the point of touchiness, the Cool Brunette is intensely idealistic—which makes her intolerant of those who fall below her own almost impossibly high standards.

Gifted with an inventive brain and great artistic talent, she's a dreamer—often finding the fantasies in her mind more real than actual happenings.

There's a few quality about her, too, which—while fascinating—can occasionally exasperate people with more solid, practical natures.

A creative person, she's often so busy with her thoughts she appears detached and absent-minded.

In a way this unstudied introversion gives her strength; she doesn't need admirers to boost her confidence. Content with a small circle of friends, she knows that once they have elected to be her friends she can rely on them for life.

Tall or petite, the Cool Brunette is usually slender and fine-boned, with small, exquisite hands and feet. She is an eat and drink for as long as she has any appetite because her problem is one of under-weight rather than losing weight.

(Don't let her apparent frailty kid you, though. Cool Brunettes have enormous

stamina and can stand physical on mental strain far better than most other types.)

'PRINKING'

ACUTELY aware of beauty, the Cool Brunette attaches much importance to her surroundings. Given the where-withal, she'll fill her home with lovely things—vases, paintings, antiques, books, rugs—and at the same time always in perfect taste.

Her dress-sense, too, is generally highly-developed and her natural detachment lends her the poise necessary to

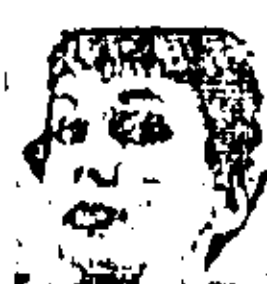
TO anyone who has ever been baffled by the wiles of woman (and who hasn't?) we are shedding some revealing light on what makes a woman the way she is—cool or warm. What seems a formidable subject becomes amazingly simple when you take the colour of a woman's hair, be it blonde, brunette, or red, and analyse the traits that make her cool or warm. At least, that is the assertion of the writer below, and, since she is a woman, who can question it?

Cool
brunette:
THE
STAYER

by PATRICIA LEWIS



VIVIEN LEIGH



BARBARA GOALEN



MAUREEN SWANSON

carry off exotic and unusual clothes.

The Cool Brunette colouring—fine, white skin... dark, dark hair... clear eyes of grey, green or blue—has a Celtic strain. You see it in Princess Margaret, Vivien Leigh, the Duchess of Argyll, Mrs. Nigel Campbell, and British-born Elizabeth Taylor—all women who seem to grow lovelier with the years.

ELEGANCE

WHEN I talked to Mrs. Campbell at her home I saw evidence of her personality everywhere.



Ref sums up the type (above) compared with examples on left

If this is you—read on...

bell-famed model Barbara Golden before her marriage—need hardly worry. You're real cool!

Simply dressed in a slim light skirt, loose turquoise sweater, and giant pearl earrings, she makes the majority of women look rag-bags by comparison.

"Funnily enough, I'm not keen on this colour," she said, fingering the sweater. "I go through stages... right now I'm all for pale shades—cream and beige. But I'll admit I'm always mad about flame colours."

"You know, talking about the effect colouring has on personality reminded me of the time I went blonde during the war—and somehow I didn't feel nearly as intelligent then."

"I think it's a mistake to change one's colouring. It camouflages the sort of person you really are, and you find you're attracting people you have nothing in common with."

VITALITY

THAT weighed on me like a profoundly intelligent remark (even for a brunette) and I asked ballerina Beryl Grey what she thought.

"It's very true, I think," she said. "Although I'm the sort of person who likes to be on their own I realise, now you mention it, that most of my friends are dark... they seem to be more vital than blondes."

"There's almost a tradition in the ballet about dancers being brunettes so I've never really considered being another colour. Changes don't suit me, anyhow. I cut my hair short a while ago and, heavens, how I hated myself!"

A dramatic person likes dramatic colours and, quite naturally, Miss Grey favours reds and greens. "One cheers me up," she told me, "while the other cools me down." I caught Miss Grey in cheerful mood—wearing a red blouse.

SETTING

ACTRESS Maureen Swanson turns out to be another green and red girl. When your hair's as dark as mine it takes vivid colours to show off the eyes and skin," she explained. "It's more important to choose shades that give a good reflection to the complexion than the hair. Yellow, for instance, is bad—I wouldn't dream of wearing it."

In her home, too, Miss Swanson believes in the colours that flatter.

"I've stuck to the ones I'd wear myself—pale greens and lilacs mostly. And see... no yellow—that would make me look sallow."

The youngest of the 'Cool Brunettes' I talked to, Miss Swanson made me think again about labelling this type 'icy... dreamers'.

At 25 she has already achieved the romantic setting in which to grow older and prettier.

There are few things more solid than bricks and mortar, and the wide-awake Miss Swanson has acquired, with her house, a very tangible chunk of property in the high-priced, high-society area of Belgravia.

Up one, Miss Swanson!

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 14

BORN today, you have a high sense of duty, and if your personal ambitions should clash with what you consider your obligations to your own kin, you would forfeit personal advantages to help members of your own family. The stars have given you talent for the written word, but there may be obstacles placed in your path to test your fortitude. You have courage and strength to combat opposition and will come out ahead. You are honest and forthright in your convictions and should never make a compromise with your ideals. You would be a strong adherent to any good cause.

You have executive ability. You men should be able to manage large affairs successfully, and you women will be the undisputed managers of your own homes. Yet, although you may rule with a rod of iron, you are kindly and sympathetic with those who do your bidding and complete work to your satisfaction. In other words, you are a stern disciplinarian but a lovable person.

There is a streak of stubbornness in your nature which shows itself when you are crossed. Let someone oppose you and that person will see the iron fist beneath the velvet glove. You are understanding and sympathetic with those less fortunate than you yourself. You have a well-developed social consciousness and will want to do everything within your power to alleviate heartache and pain. Your ties of kin are strong. An early marriage and a large family will bring you great joy and contentment.

Among those born on this date were: John McCormack, actor; Harriet Beecher Stowe, author and reformer; Samuel A. Ajlaj, Crowthier, missionary and Bishop of Niger; and Robert M. La Follette Jr., legislator.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Put your best foot forward and meet people at a social gathering. It will broaden your outlook.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—The spiritual aspects of life are of the utmost importance right now. Gain inspiration perhaps from a good sermon.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You might invite friends home for dinner after church service. Spend the afternoon pleasantly and enjoy yourself.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—You may be planning a trip to visit relatives nearby. It should be a very pleasant day indeed.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Aspects are excellent for today and tomorrow. Practically anything you wish now will be granted. Just ask for it.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Many interests suitable to the day will be open to you. Meet old friends and make a few new ones, as well.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—This is a time for friendly relationships with people whom you may count on for something important later.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—It will do you good to change your pace. Get out and see people. It will broaden your point of view.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You want to attend a lecture this afternoon. Find someone with similar interests to go with you.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—After morning devotions, spend the balance of the day outdoors with congenial friends. Perhaps at the beach.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A visit to close friends or relatives can pep you up considerably. Rest and relax tensions.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Cultivate an optimistic point of view. Look forward, not backward, and you will be much more contented.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15

BORN today, you are apt to go along on nervous energy, pushing through on a project against all opposition, no matter what the pressures. You are not as physically robust as you might be and this tends to break down your reserve energies to the danger point. You have creative talent in the arts, as well as the artistic temperament which accompanies your gifts. You will need to get your needs well under control if you are to achieve the success and fame of which you dream. You will never be content with mediocrity, so it behooves you to do everything within your power to control your temper and develop your genius!

You have the ability to make money, but your capacity for spending it is quite as great. With you it is apt to be "easy come, easy go." Watch that budget or there can be some lean and hungry times in store! Or, better yet, go into partnership with someone who knows how to manage your affairs. This could be a marriage partner—someone who is as eager for success as you are, but who has more common sense about business deals and making financial arrangements. Marriage to such a person should bring happiness.

Since you are emotional, you are easily swayed by your feelings. While you can't be forced into doing something against your better judgment, you can be persuaded to do almost anything by the one you love! To let down tensions, learn the lesson of complete relaxation. After concentrated periods of work, let down and recharge your vital energies. Change your pace for a few hours or a few days and you will find you are ready to go back to unremitting hard work again!

Among those born on this date were: Edward G. Rieg, composer; Rembrandt, the painter; Harry Barnes, sociologist; Mme. Schumann-Heine, singer; William Butler Ogden, first Mayor of Chicago; Frank Edwin Elwell, sculptor; William McFee, author, and Edward Channing, historian.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 16

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Get an early start this morning. Put things in order and be ready for what is coming next! A busy week is ahead.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—It is wiser to finish up a job already begun than to start something entirely new just now.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You will make the best progress by sticking to familiar routine. Concentrate on that. Don't be sidetracked.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If you have important shopping to do, this might be a good time to find bargains.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Tie up loose ends at the office or at home. Set things straight so that you are ready for something new.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Wind up current business. Tomorrow is another day—and there could be something new in prospect then.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Not the time to tackle a new situation. Solve problems already dumped into your lap. Show initiative.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You may need some careful readjustment of the budget, so take it up with other members of the family.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you have been postponing some letter writing, this is a good time to catch up. You won't get mail if you don't write!

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Combine business and domestic affairs for favourable results. Be sure you are well-organized on both fronts.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—The next four weeks are going to be busy ones, so get the decks cleared now for action. Be ready to forge ahead.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—A friendly meeting, perhaps with someone whom you may not have seen for a long time, can bring pleasure today.



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ent to give your lips the fresh, moist look
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Revlon's Lanolite Lipstick



RIGHT: His Excellency the Governor and Lady Black are greeted by the Acting Consul for Portugal, Mr. F. de M. Ribalro, when they arrived at the Club Lusitano for a cocktail party in celebration of Portugal's National Day this week.

★

BELOW RIGHT: A dinner party was given for the Indian Asian Games team by Mr. H. T. Barma, a prominent member of the local Indian community, at the Gloucester Hotel last Saturday. Pictured are Mr and Mrs Barma (background) greeting Mr B. P. Adarkar, Indian Commissioner for Hongkong, and Mrs Adarkar.



A GLITTERING Social gathering last week was the inaugural dinner dance of the Hongkong Council of Women held on Friday at the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce Hall. Swaying hula-hula numbers, performed by Miss Diana Budd, were well applauded by an enthusiastic audience (above), while a crowded dance floor (right) gave evidence of the friendly and informal atmosphere during the evening. Mrs R. R. Kapahi, Chairman of the Fund-raising Committee, said that because of the Council's desire for closer liaison with the general public, it was hoped that the dinner dance would become an annual event on a much larger scale.



China Mail Photos



ON his way to Singapore where he will retire, is Mr S. E. Bux, who recently completed 36 years of service with the First National City Bank of New York in the Colony.

★

BELOW: The Rotary Club of Hongkong Island East gave a farewell dinner for their incoming president, Capt. William Nichol, last week. Capt. Nichol is bound for England on leave. Pictured are (l-r) Capt. and Mrs Nichol and Mr Henry Chang.



RAQUEL Atienza cuts the cake during a party on her 20th birthday this week. Some 50 friends helped her celebrate. —Carson Kiang Photo.



ABOVE: Some 40 blind children were entertained at a tea party given by Mr and Mrs F. T. Malwani last week. Mr Malwani is seen (standing centre) chatting with Mr W. J. Cator, the Dutch Consul-General (left).



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MR and Mrs Ian Wong walk down the steps of Christ Church, Kowloon, after their marriage this week. The bride is the former Miss Helen Lung.



MR and Mrs Alphonse Francois Demee after their wedding at Rosary Church this week. The bride is the former Miss Irene Maria da Luz.

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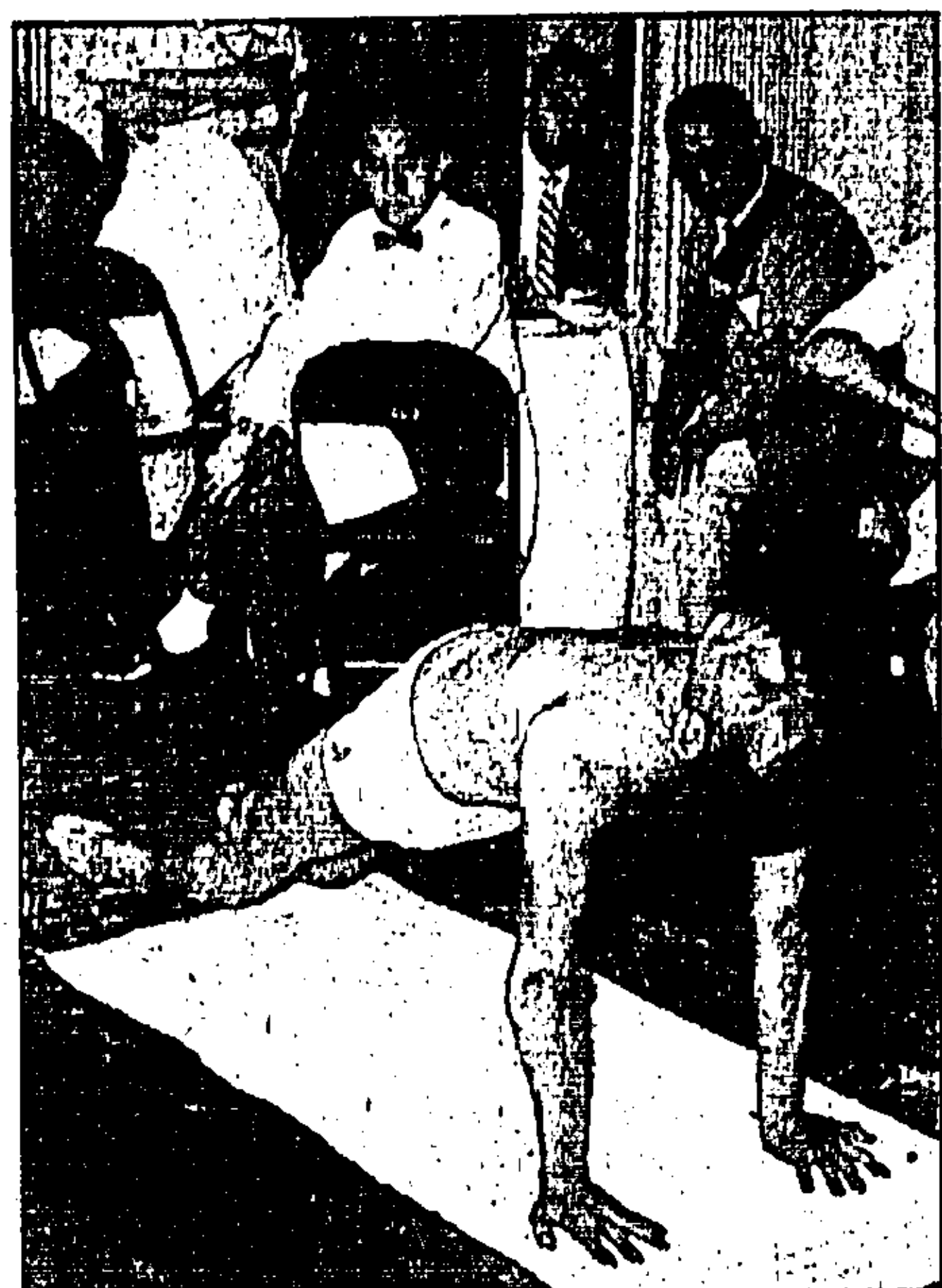
TELEPHONE 34181

ANNA Russell, the British comedienne, sends an audience into fits of laughter during a performance at the annual meeting of the American Women's Association, last week. Her skit was named "The Programme Secretary."

BELOW: Mr K. S. Fung demonstrates one stance of Yoga during the Y's Men's Club weekly luncheon held at Gloucester Hotel last Thursday.

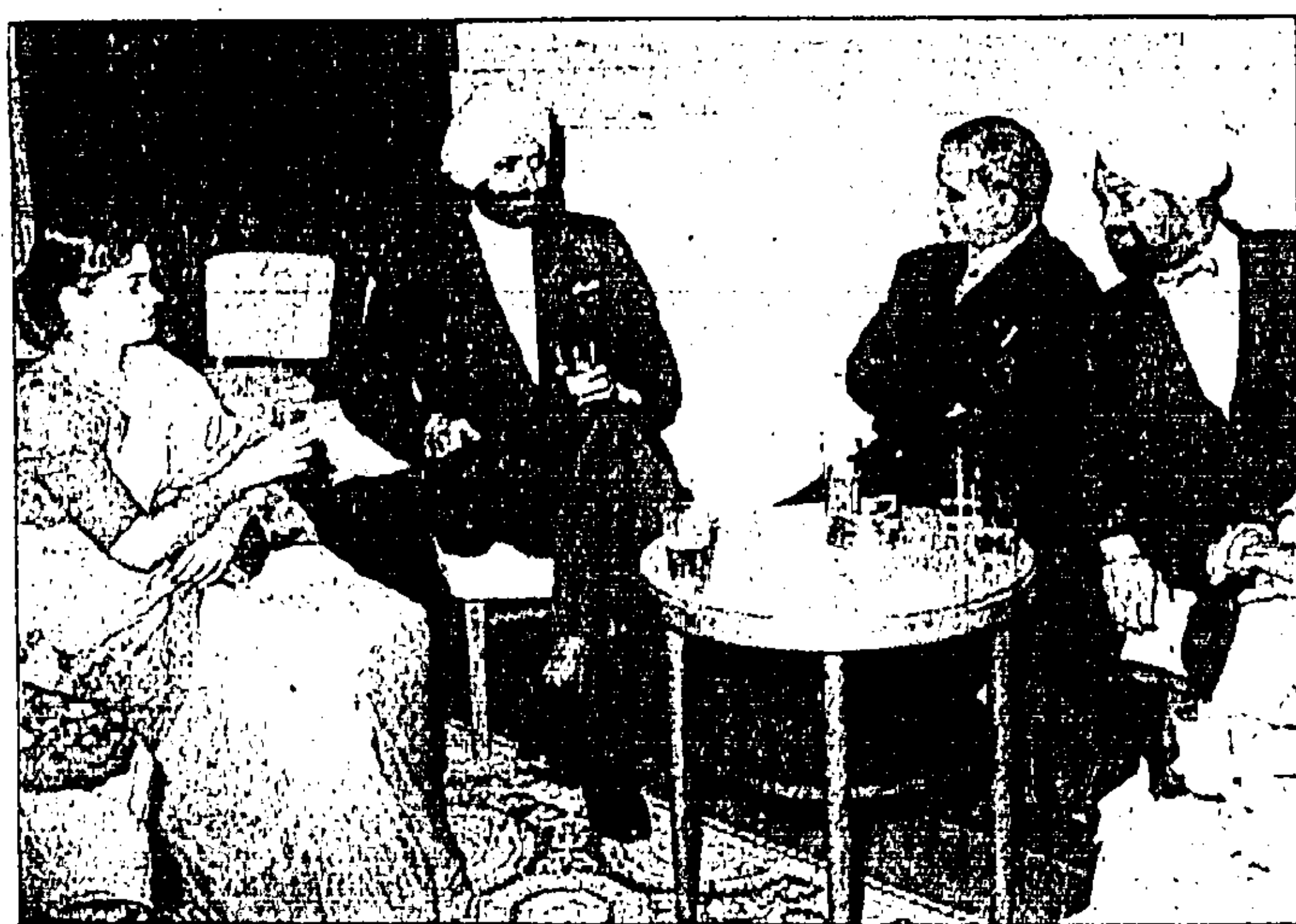


BLACKPOOL came, played and conquered. The first match, against All-Hong-kong and played under wet weather conditions, was a hard-fought struggle resulting in a 3-1 win for the visitors. The second game, however, didn't turn out so well for the Colony, this time represented by Combined Chinese, the score being a lopsided 10-1 against them. Below: McNichol saves for Hong-kong. Right: Stanley Matthews (seated centre) and other Blackpool players signing autographs for admirers.



BELOW: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Robert Black (seated fourth from right), watches a folk dance performed by children of the Juvenile Care Centre when he paid his first visit there on the occasion of its tenth anniversary last week. The children greeted the Governor with a song "Hello," and bade him farewell with another, "Friend, Goodbye."

LEFT: Sir Kenneth F. Coles, of the International Society for the Welfare of Cripples, says farewell to Miss Daphne Ho and Hongkong.



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HIS Highness the Maharaja of Patiala (second from left) sips a drink during a dinner party at the Peninsula Hotel given in his honour by the Hongkong Sikh Association. He is flanked by Mrs K. S. Gill (left), Mr B. P. Adarkar, Commissioner for India, and Mr K. S. Gill, President of the Association.



ABOVE: A toddler is encouraged to try his luck at fishing for a prize during the True Light Middle School's annual bazaar last Saturday on the 80th anniversary of the School's foundation in Canton by a Presbyterian missionary, Miss Harriet Noyes. The occasion coincided with the 23rd anniversary of the True Light School in Hongkong.

DESPITE a brilliant local reputation as goal-keeper, Simeon Kadri watched 29 goals flash past him during Hongkong hockey matches against Pakistan and India last week. He lies helpless (above) as India, the Olympic champions, puts another one in the net. Team-mates Danny Castro, David Coffey, and Roberts look on.

The Restaurant in Kowloon



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Let's Eat

BY IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Little Details Important When You Poach An Egg

"THE more one cooks, the more the importance of doing small things well is apparent," observed the Chef. "For example, Madame, the business of poaching eggs. How many persons do this well?"

"It's a problem with many, Chef," I answered.

IMPORTANT DETAILS

"This is because they do not know the important details."

"Start with about 2 inches of salted water in a skillet—simmering, not boiling. Then break one egg at a time into a saucer and slide it, onto the surface of the water quickly and smoothly."

"When all are in, cover to keep in the steam and cook the tops of the eggs. Simmer 3 to 5 minutes, or to the firmness desired."

"Remove with a slotted spoon or panake turner, and serve on a toast, broiled ham, broiled to-

Add a little salt, and boiling water to half cover. Boil, covered, 3 min., or until tender-crisp. Drain; season with lemon-butter.

Peach Upside-Down Puffs: Rub a 6-compartment muffin pan with butter or margarine; dust with granulated sugar. Into each, spoon about 1/3 c. of the following mixture: 1 1/2 c. small cut canned peaches, 1/2 c. brown sugar, 1 tsp. melted butter and 1/2 tsp. cinnamon.

Top with dropped biscuit dough. Serve hot and upside-down with cinnamon butter sauce.

SUNDAY DINNER

Coleslaw Vinaigrette
Roast Loin of Pork
Apple Sauce
Roumanian Noodles
Escalloped Tomatoes
Cherry Kumquat Compote
Nut Cookies
Coffee Tea Milk

Roumanian Noodles: Toss 3/4 lb. cooked broad noodles over a low heat with 4 tbsp. softened



POACHED EGGS, in a nest of well-seasoned whipped potatoes, bordered with Spring vegetables make a main course.

mato or eggplant slices, or feature in an easy-to-poached egg and spring vegetable platter."

TODAY'S DINNER

Oyster Soup
Spring Vegetable Platter
with Poached Egg
Peach Upside-Down Puffs
Coffee Tea Milk

All measurements are level, unless otherwise noted.

Poached Egg and Vegetable Platter: On a large platter, arrange poached eggs in a nest of well-seasoned, whipped instant potato. Place buttered asparagus tips at one end, cooked radishes on the other.

Cooked Radishes: Wash and slice enough red radishes to make 3 c. (3 bunches should do).

Cherry Kumquat Compote: Combine 2 cans pitted sour red cherries, 2 tbsp. sugar, 4 quartered kumquats and 8 whole cloves. Simmer 15 min., or until the kumquats are fork-tender. Serve hot or cold.

If chilled, the compote will form a light glaze when spooned over ice cream. Lovely to look at, lovely to eat.

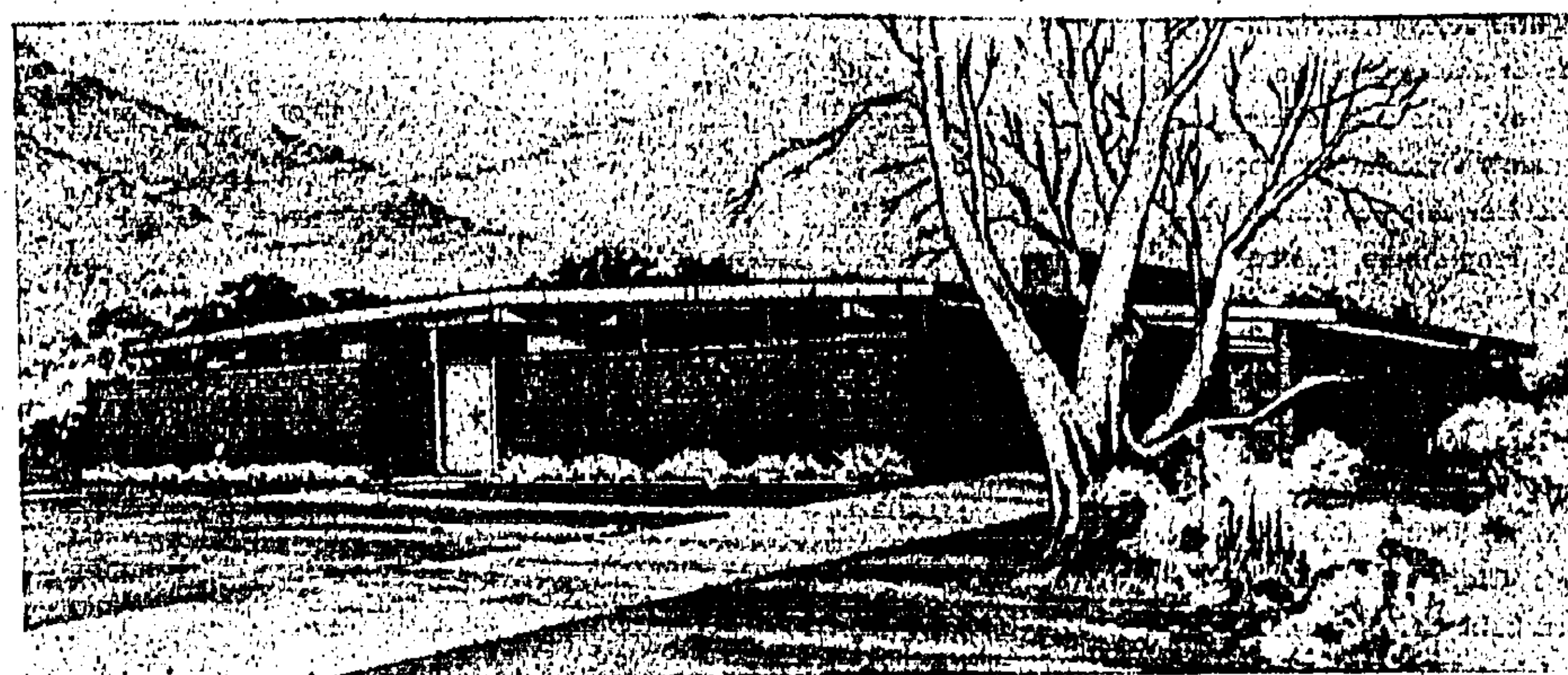
TRICK OF THE CHEF

Pep up canned applesauce with 1 tsp. apple-pie spice, grated lemon rind and a big squeeze of lemon juice. Let stand to blend the flavours at least 30 min.

Please Yourself When Buying A Painting

CHAMPAIGN, Ill. IF you want to buy a painting for your home pick one you like—that appeals to you—and not an art work that other people say is a "good painting." For, said Nancy Orant, a University of Illinois home furnishings specialist, "whether it is a Rembrandt or a Picasso, you won't enjoy having it in your home if you don't like it."

Remember, too, Mrs. Orant said, that the physical size and character of the painting should "fit" into its surroundings. A misty painting in pale colours, for example, seems lighter and smaller than one depicting heavy forms in bright colours.



STRIKINGLY MODERN, Design H-425-KF has a masonry wall along the face of the building. The only break is the entrance. The wall is topped by a line of small high windows. At the right, a carport has access to an enclosed patio.

In the Modern Manner

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

INTERESTING roof lines and exteriors that are starkly simple distinguish today's modern house plans. Design H-425-KF, planned for a city site where space is limited and houses are close together, stars a roofless patio. It's cleverly placed to provide outdoor privacy.

PATIO COULD BE OPEN

At right, a carport and storage room block the patio off from neighbouring homes. Should the house be built in the country on spacious grounds, the carport-storage room might be moved back or to the front, throwing the patio open to a view of the countryside.

Rooms are arranged in a U around the patio, which is close to 17 feet square. The inner patio wall, backing the home's hall storage closets, is constructed of plywood. Both side patio walls are glass, with sliding doors permitting entry to either master bedroom or living room.

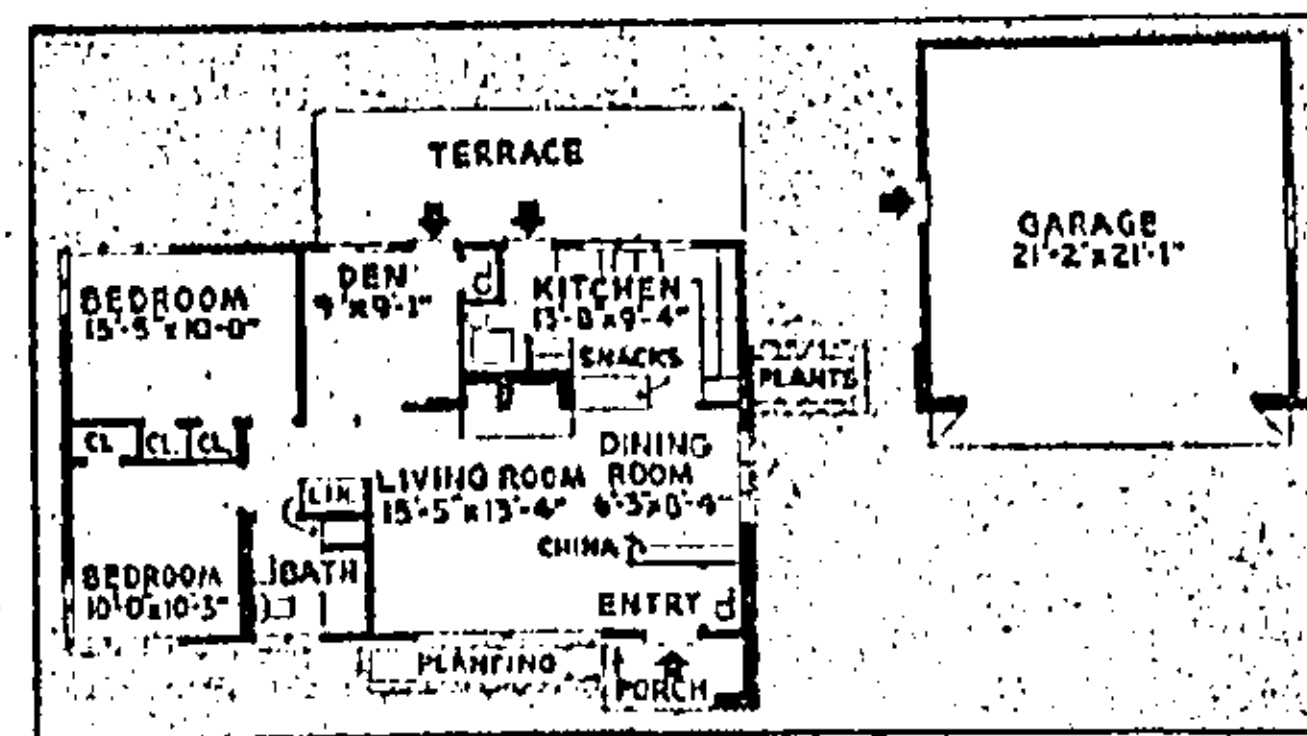
A planting box with wooden supports separates patio from carport. In a corner, between carport and living room wall, is a small patio barbecue.

The home's interior is convenient and attractive.

STORAGE CLOSETS IN HALL

From the entry, a hall, lined with storage closets, leads back to the bedrooms. It's a pleasant, cheerful hall, for three high windows over the closets make it bright.

All three bedrooms are comfortably sized. The master bedroom has its own lavatory with shower. The main bath is close to the other two bedrooms and convenient to the living-working areas of the house.



OPEN PLANNING makes the interior of H-260-KF especially noteworthy, as in the living-dining-kitchen placement above.



A NEARLY FLAT ROOF helps Design H-260-KF look even longer and lower than it is. Fieldstone, vertical siding and brick veneer are used to add interest to the exterior. A covered breezeway connects the house and its 2-car garage.

Women Are Not Louder, They Just Seem To Be

CHICAGO. WOMEN really don't talk louder than men. It just sounds that way, says an acoustical engineer. A high-pitched sound seems louder than a low-pitched sound at the same volume, said Guy Sanders, supervisor of the noise control section at the Armour Research Foundation. The foundation has done research on nearly every type of appliance that goes into a home. Findings are relayed to manufacturers.

The volume of voices depends on surroundings, he added. Most people want to talk softly in a cosy room. The children's room usually is the noisiest in the house. Then come the kitchen and recreation room. Adults usually talk louder in the kitchen than in other rooms because they sub-

consciously try to talk above the sound of appliances, even though modern appliances are quieter.

To achieve maximum quiet in a home, use acoustical tile for ceilings, porous fabrics for curtains, high pile carpeting, and upholstering to absorb sound, said Sanders.

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● ACTRESS June Thorburn—26 years old and blessed with a youthful and lovely face—complains that the roles she is offered get younger and younger. In her latest film, M-G-M's *Tom Thumb*, she is the Fairy Queen. "I've tried everything I know to look older," she said last week, "but it's no good. I must be the only woman in Britain who looks in the mirror every morning and prays for some wrinkles."

SHOW BUSINESS

Life—by an actress at the dangerous age

WHAT HOPE IS THERE?
ASKS CLAIRE BLOOM

WHEN Claire Bloom came into the restaurant the eyes of every man in the place fastened upon her like limpet mines. Worth looking at is Miss Bloom, with all that delicate Dresden beauty. It makes men instinctively want to protect her—from everyone but themselves.

"London," said Miss Bloom, sitting beside me and wringing rain-water out of her hair, "is dreary. Do you know my chief pleasure in life? Going to bed with a book."

"No?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "In New York or Paris it's fun to go out. But in London—ugh."

"If you think this is bad," I said, "you should try the provinces."

"I did," said Miss Bloom. "I had six weeks out on tour with my play *Duel of Angels*."

She pulled a roll of film out of her handbag. "Do you know what I've got here—hideous views of railway lines taken from my Glasgow hotel room. The main line ran right through our dining-room."

A waiter spiralled over with an autograph book. Miss Bloom signed between Agatha Christie and a name that looked like—and probably was—Hogsworton Killwillow.

"What hope is there here?" said Miss Bloom crossly. "Do you know what my agent says? 'I'm at the dangerous age as far as British films are concerned. Like Virginia McKenna. In other words I'm past the stage of playing war-heroin but I'm not old enough to play some war-heroin's suffering mother.'"

INSULT

She continued: "I've just finished two big pictures in Hollywood—*The Brothers Karamazov* and *The Buccaneer*. But what do they want me to do over here? Star in *Son of Robin Hood*. I asked them what part they wanted me for and they said: 'Oh—the son.' I know there is a growing tendency in Britain to demoralise women—but that's going too far."

I told her that *Son of Robin Hood* was one of those cleverly written scripts where the boy turns out to be a girl, and that seemed to make her happier. Before we plunged out into the rain again I asked her if she'd been seeing much of her friend Curt Jurgens.

"He's not my friend," she said heatedly. "That was all a joke some idiot took seriously. For heaven's sake—even my mother thinks he's a little odd."

SOLO

When the much-publicised marriage between Diana Dors and Dennis Hamilton fell apart many people were convinced that—like her private Machiavelli gone—Miss Dors' career must stultify and die. For without doubt it had been the Herculean efforts of Mr Hamilton which helped promote the name Dors to equal promi-

Roderick Mann

ence with household detergents and the Marquis of Milford Haven.

Miss Dors was the first to admit this. Always adding, however, the reminder: "Don't forget—he was working with good material."

Now Miss Dors, without the help of the master-mind, has pulled off quite a neat coup herself. In October she is booked to open in Las Vegas—the world's splashiest and toughest show-business venue.

For what kind of money? "For this kind of money," said Dors yesterday. "Six thousand pounds a week. I am having a dress made that will make Marlene Dietrich's look like something out of a mission barrel. I'm not a singer. I've only got personality to sell—I may as well wrap it up as attractively as possible."

CHANGED

To those who have seen his earlier films, the face of Montgomery Clift in *The Young Lions* looks distinctly odd.

"This is due to the amount of plastic surgery needed after Clift's near-fatal car crash outside Elizabeth Taylor's home two years ago."

Nigel Patrick told me last week: "The crash happened when we were about halfway through filming *Raintree Country*. If you watch this film carefully you can see which scenes Clift did after the smash."

"He looks quite different. I know his whole jaw had to be wired up and he was in great pain, though he never once complained."

Cary Grant—who has just gone back to America after supervising the editing of his latest picture *Indiscreet*—

has this to say about Princess Grace of Monaco, with whom he has been friends since they made a film together:—

"Grace is like my wife Betsy Drake in that she can do an egg anytime she pleases. I mean if she's bored and doesn't want to show it she just retreats behind a smiling shell and nothing you're talking about penetrates through. You'd never know it; you'd think she was quite fascinated by everything you were saying."

For what kind of money?

There is a new wide-screen system coming along—Planaflex Interdimensional Cyclo-Stereophonic Sound.

In this, I gather, the screen almost completely surrounds you. For war films and Westerns, there is talk of arming members of the audience so that they can fight back.

NO ESCAPE

There is a new wide-screen system coming along—Planaflex Interdimensional Cyclo-Stereophonic Sound.

In this, I gather, the screen almost completely surrounds you. For war films and Westerns, there is talk of arming members of the audience so that they can fight back.

What 'Liz Can Learn
About Life From Me

—Says Lauren Bacall

IN *Bel Air* the houses are solid and large and the district is so exclusive that the roads are not provided with pavements; no one is expected to walk when every home has two or three cars.

It is here that Lauren Bacall is living with her two children, Stephen, aged nine, and Leslie, six. She moved to this house after husband Humphrey Bogart died. On the day I saw her the news was out that shooting on *"Cat On A Hot Tin Roof"* had to stop completely for two days because star Elizabeth Taylor was ill and too tired to go on.

This was the picture Miss Taylor was making when her husband Mike Todd was killed in an air crash. Now the film is nearly complete but the strain on Miss Taylor is beginning to show.

Lauren Bacall, with her own experience and her own greater maturity, talked of problems facing the younger actress.

"Now, soon, when her film is finished and she has nothing to do," said Lauren Bacall, "that is when it will become really difficult for Liz."

Philosophy

"The first year after the death is the worst. To be 26 like her and have three children and be used to being married always—just think of that. Marry again? Of course—but Liz was on cloud 10 with Mike. How do you find a man to compare with him?"

"For me it was different. We had time to settle down together. Bogie was a whole separate life. I make no comparisons. . . . But what do I do now?"

She paused and then talked of the new life she must make for herself. And of course it is the

Truman, of Noel Coward and of Frank Sinatra.

Lauren Bacall was wearing a close-fitting play-suit of tan-gerine and white check. She poured a drink and then talked of fundamental change, the impossibility of going back after you have had a successful marriage.

"When you are alone—before marriage—then you satisfy your whims and indulge yourself."

THE SECRET

"But after you have been married all that changes. The secret in being married is not just loving. It is the staying that is the hard part. And that means learning to give things up—having responsibilities to others."

"There are women who don't know how to be married because they don't know how to give things up. Then the marriage fails and they get panicky and they try again and again and again."

But work by itself just to fill in time is not sufficient for the life Lauren Bacall has learned to lead. Her philosophy of being a woman is rare indeed in Hollywood.

And Elizabeth Taylor, now can this help her in the shock after the death of Mike Todd?

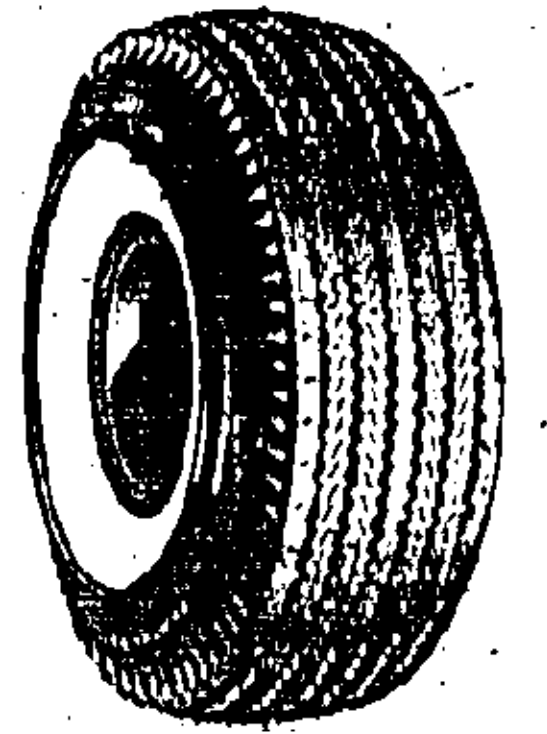
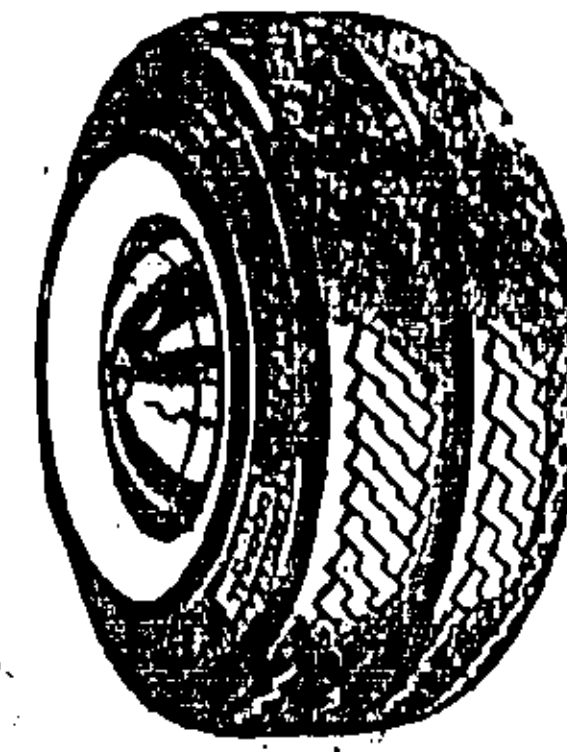
Lauren Bacall says this: "There is no advice to give. No one can have you that first year. There are always those five minutes when you come up alone to face part of the problem of living."

—David Lewin

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on the ground



PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

GOOD MANNERS—JUNGLE STYLE: It's bad form for a young man to give his Aborigine sweetheart a box of handkerchiefs.

A Government report on Malaya's little jungle folk says: "Aborigine maidens are forbidden to take presents from their intended—least of all handkerchiefs. The superstition is that handkerchiefs are to wipe away tears—a sure sign their love will founder."

Adds the report: "There is no harm in giving an Aborigine girl a dozen handkerchiefs so long as she is not your sweetheart."

TALL ORDER: A British tailor toured the United States with forty different shades of flannel trousers, reported his best sale from Florida. There one client ordered one pair of trousers in each of the forty shades at forty dollars a pair.

TWILIGHT OF THE GOD: Farmer How Tang, 58, of Kunming, North Yunnan, worshipped an 18-foot python as a god. But when the snake ate his chickens he had it caught and served up for dinner.

SCHOOL'S OUT! A 14-year-old boy confessed that because he disliked lessons he piled straw under his school, poured paraffin over it and set it alight. Three buildings were destroyed. Damage: £10,000.

LEFT LUGGAGE: Railway police found a suitcase containing 100 lb. of dynamite in a train at Canton (Canton). Passengers said it was left by a man who disappeared before the police entered their compartment.

GOOD CHEER—TO MUSIC: On sale here: a decenter that plays "For he's a jolly good fellow" as it pears.

NO PIPE DREAM: Singapore Marine police suddenly broke off their pursuit of an opium smuggler's boat in the Straits of Johore.

Their launch had been struck by lightning.

EDWARD ALLCARD tells of volcanoes, breadfruit, and a palm-fringed place called Portsmouth

he found them all on the latest stage of his round-the-world cruise in the ketch Sea Wanderer.

CARNIVAL time was in full swing at Fort de France, Martinique, when my 10-ton ketch Sea Wanderer lay anchored.

The evening was calm, stars were reflected in the glassy water, and the temperature in my cabin stayed at 80 degrees. From the shore came the strains of two bands, snatches of laughter from the crowds, and a blurred volume of French from a loudspeaker. The French were enjoying themselves as only the French can, and the night was young.

My volcano

This marked the end of the first lap of a cruise down the West Indian Islands. The cruise of exploration had been packed with interest and included seeing my first active volcano, sampling strange tropical fruits, and visiting a group of islands which might have been a part of Brittany—it had not been for the palm trees.

The active volcano is on the French island of Guadeloupe, La Soufriere, as it is called, rises up nearly 5,000 ft. and ends in the characteristic flat-topped summit usually enveloped in clouds.

I was lucky to see the crater free of clouds for minutes on end, simply long enough for me to distinguish two slender but definite plumes of smoke writhing slowly into the air.

I gazed at it in some awe, half expecting an increase in activity. I wonder if the people who spend their entire lives under its shadow ever give it a thought.

Struggle

Clearing the south end of the island I met the full force of the trade wind eddying round the volcano. Sea Wanderer began to pitch and crash.

A struggle to windward brought me under the lee of a group of small islands called the Saintes. I consider the "Happy Isles" of the West Indies. They are French-owned, look like the islands off the Brittany coast and are peopled by a mostly white population who are the descendants of the Bretons who originally settled there.

These islands exceeded my expectations. Part of their

charm is in the children. Indeed, rearing children appears to be the main industry next to fishing. Many of them are blonde and all of them polite.

Walking down the main street—a cement walkway, for there are no cars here—is in itself a fascinating pastime. A "bon jour" to a man sewing a sail in his front garden and you pass on to where two men are building a boat. In the next doorway is a woman of vast age making a huge sardine net—a labour of weeks.

The fishing boats—fast, slim models, spotlessly white to match their sails—are pulled up on every available beach and are easily the smartest in the West Indies.

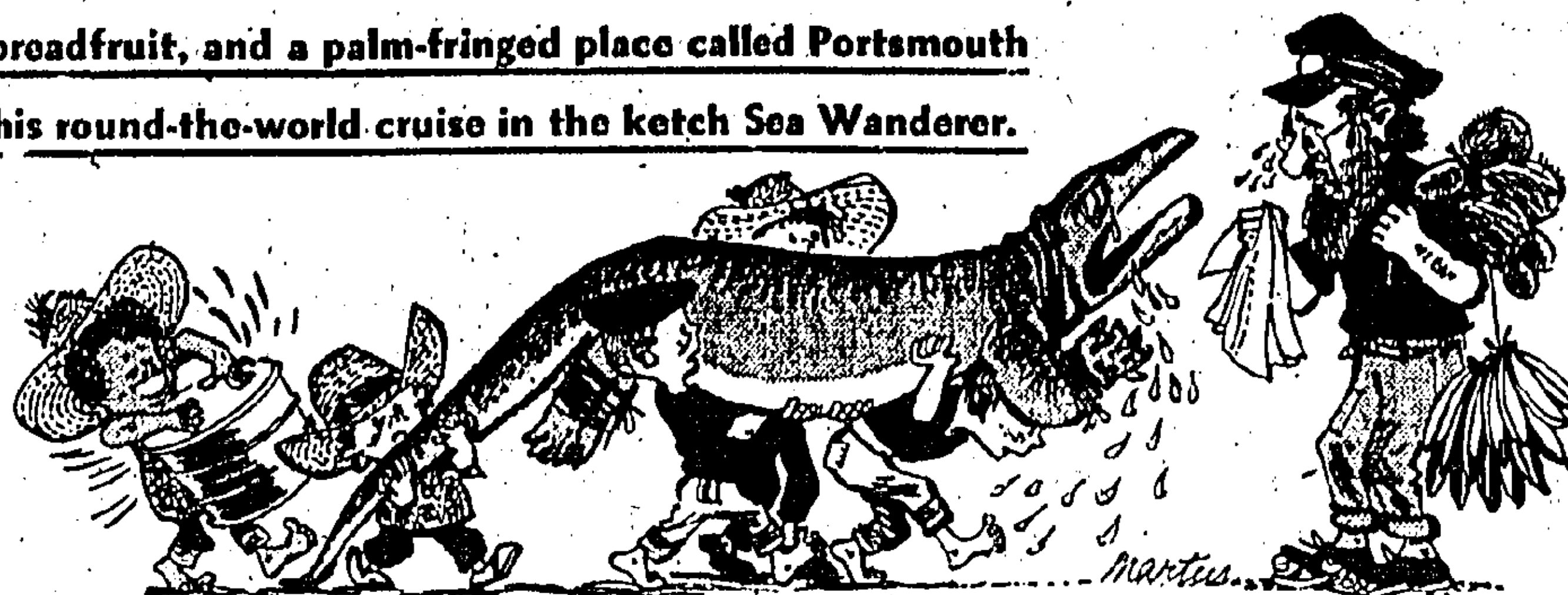
Its fate

I felt like buying it and setting it free, but then this would only have postponed its fate. They are not difficult to catch.

I would have been happy to spend more than a couple of days in the Saintes, but other islands to the south were calling. Shortly after dawn, Sea Wanderer was heading towards the distant, blue peaks of Dominica bound for Portsmouth, no less. But I cannot imagine anything less like our own Portsmouth.

As I swept round the high bluff leading to the anchorage I found that the West Indian Portsmouth was set in a three-mile-long, palm-fringed bay. Green banana plantations and coconut groves stretched up a wide valley behind the town, and a fresh water river flowed from this valley into the sea at the south end of the buildings. Portsmouth boasts a steel band, and a good one at that. A steel band is one that has the instruments made out of all drums, exhausted pipes, and the like. But believe me, these instruments are played with skill and harmony. The West Indian loves music.

With bananas at a farthing each, and an abundance of



I felt so sorry for the dragon in the street

To improve matters, I then tried it. It tasted the same. I must add, by the way, that I do not like roast chestnuts. So there was nothing for it but to dump the breadfruit over the side and open a tin of tomato soup instead.

When I sailed from Dominica for Martinique, the wind had veered to the south-east and piped up to strong. It was a rough ride with seas continually sweeping the deck all through the night. I did not reach shelter till dawn when I had the sleeping giant of Mont Pelée rearing beside me.

Mont Pelée is called dormant but not active. I watched it carefully though. It erupted at 28-year intervals, and the last eruption was 28 years ago!

The worst eruption, in 1902, killed 28,000 people in two minutes, and devastated St. Pierre. Only one man escaped, a criminal in a dungeon.

I had one bonus from the strong wind. Two flying fish were lying on deck, just in time for breakfast.

After sailing for 27 hours after leaving Portsmouth, I entered the bay leading to Fort de France and thankfully anchored off the town.

Revived by a sleep in the afternoon, I went ashore in the evening ready to sample some real French cooking. Breadfruit was NOT on the menu.

Disappointment

Also obtained detailed instructions as to how it should be cooked. I was assured that one breadfruit would make more than a complete meal in itself. A whole meal for a few pence! Was I on to a good thing?

mangoes, pawpaws, and other soft fruits, I brought a good selection at negligible cost.

I thought I should like to try the famous breadfruit, and there were several tall breadfruit trees growing right alongside the main street. I asked in a store near by. The Negro woman called out for her son and told him to climb the nearest tree for me.

Evidently breadfruit is not a prized delicacy and the general opinion is that Captain Bilgh rather overdid the transplanting of the fruit. I call it a fruit, although it is really a vegetable.

WITH THE WORD Dictator IN THE AIR

Do we know enough about the past that dictators want to hide?

DO we know all there is to know about Nasser? Are the British Intelligence services and the Foreign Office making a really all-out effort to dig out the skeleton in Nasser's cupboard and the cupboards of his family and associates?

I wonder if we are spending enough on finding out what kind of a financial rakeoff the relatives of this oh-so-incorruptible dictator are getting on the details his Government puts through.

Let no one tell me that the private skeletons and the private lives of our enemies are no concern of ours and not worth the attention of the Intelligence men.

Take Hitler

JUST look what we missed by not making a really all-out drive before the last war to know the skeletons of his past which Hitler was hiding.

The psychological upsets our political warfare people could have caused in Hitler's non-too-bright mind and in those of his supporters, had they had at their disposal the facts about Hitler's early youth known today, would have been worth many millions of pounds for their effect in undermining German resistance and shortening the war.

Just imagine, for instance, the effect on the Germans had we been able to spring on them two secrets of Hitler's past now dug out by a painstaking German historian, Franz Jetzinger.

It may come as a shock even today 13 years after Hitler's defeat and suicide. **FACT NO. 1:** Hitler almost certainly had a Jewish grandfather.

"Hitler's Youth," Franz Jetzinger (Hutchinson, 10s.)

Under the Nuremberg anti-Jewish laws which Hitler himself formulated and promulgated with the help, incidentally, of at least one of Adenauer's most intimate and trusted advisers today—this fact would have disqualified Hitler from holding office in the Government or the army.

His grandmother, Maria Anna Schickelgruber, it now turns out, was a servant in the house of a Jewish family named Frankenberger in the little Austrian town of Graz.

Anna Schickelgruber gave birth in 1837 to an illegitimate baby. This was the son of the young Frankenberger, and the Frankenberger family went on paying Anna alimony over many years.

The proof of all this, Jetzinger admits, is not absolute, but what evidence there is goes to confirm it.

Village razed

THIS illegitimate son of Anna Schickelgruber and the young Jewish Frankenberger was Alois Schickelgruber, who in his turn was the father of Adolf Hitler. (Schickelgruber, as the world knows, changed his name to Hitler.)

Hitler himself was scared to death that his quarter-Jewish ancestry would come to light.

Not only did he put his trusted henchman and attorney, Hans Frank, on the job of hushing it up (Frank was condemned as a war criminal at Nuremberg and hanged), but when he occupied Austria in 1938 he took an even more drastic step,

Hitler wiped out the village of Döllersheim, where his father's birth as an illegitimate child was registered, by turning it into an artillery range for the German Army.

Fact No. 2: In 1913 the Austrian police had a warrant out for the arrest of young Adolf Hitler. He was wanted as a deserter from the Austrian Army.

The police caught up with him in Munich. The files of his case still exist. They include a long, grovelling apology written and signed by Hitler himself and a report by the Austrian military authorities in Salzburg where on February 5, 1913, the future Fuehrer reported for his medical "Unit for combatant and auxiliary duties," the Austrian officers wrote down, "Too weak. Unable to bear arms."

Signature

TO this, Hitler put his signature in pencil. Just think of the sensation it would have caused if the B.B.C. could have broadcast this material during the war and leaflets could have been dropped in Germany which reproduced these documents.

Hitler himself was well aware of the dynamite which was lying around, ready to blast his authority sky-high. "On March 12, 1938," reports Dr Jetzinger, "when Hitler, now the conqueror of Austria, revisited Linz for the first time in 30 years, he said to the newly-appointed Nazi gauleiter, Elzberger: 'Here in Linz there must be a military document concerning me. I want that document found and delivered to me personally.'"

The following evening Elzberger reported: "Mein Fuehrer, apparently there were some documents, but they have been removed."

From that moment on, right up to 1945, the Gestapo hunted for the missing files. They never found them, in spite of all the arrests they made.

Dr Jetzinger, by a strange chance, had himself got them

into his possession, and kept them carefully hidden. There is much else of fascinating interest that Jetzinger has dug out concerning the early youth of Hitler that would have been highly relevant to people framing British policy towards pre-war Hitler Germany.

Invaluable

IT would have been invaluable to our propagandists. I cannot help thinking that if our Intelligence men had been looking into Hitler's past in the early 'thirties they would have been able to explode it effectively when the time came.

Let us hope we are not making the same mistakes of negligence over Hitler's Egyptian successor.

The time to dig up Nasser's skeleton is now.—Express Service.

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Three Suits Get Squeeze

By OSWALD JACOBY

ONE of the characteristics of the really great bridge player is his ability to take advantage of everything that goes on at the table.

Alvin Roth of Washington, D.C., who has been on everyone's top ten list for years, ducked the king of spades and West continued with the queen. East had a terrible time finding a discard on that second spade and finally dropped the nine of hearts. Alvin ducked again and West gave up the spade suit and shifted to the ten of hearts.

The game was duplicate and overbids were important. Alvin thought a while and decided that East's trouble at trick two was due to possession of three four-card suits. In that case there

NORTH		EAST	
♠ 102	♥ K73	♠ 4	♥ QJ98
♦ K654	♣ KQ32	♦ 104	♣ QJ108
♠ QJ965	♥ 104	♠ 875	♥ QJ104
SOUTH (D)		SOUTH (D)	
♠ A873	♥ A852	♠ A873	♥ A852
♦ A72	♣ A6	♦ A72	♣ A6
Both vulnerable		Both vulnerable	
South West North East	1 N.T. Pass 3 N.T. Pass	1 N.T. Pass 3 N.T. Pass	1 N.T. Pass 3 N.T. Pass
Opening lead—4 K		Opening lead—4 K	

was an opportunity for a rare three suit squeeze to pick up two extra tricks and Alvin decided to play for it.

He won the heart lead in his own hand and led back his remaining low spade. A heart was discarded from dummy and East dropped a diamond. West led his last heart and Alvin won in dummy. He now came to his own hand with the ace of clubs and was ready for the kill.

He played the ace of spades and discarded a diamond from dummy. East went into a hopeless huddle but there was nothing he could do. A heart discard would get up two heart tricks right away and a club or diamond discard would simply postpone the inevitable.

♥-CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been: North East South West 2♣ Pass 3♦ Pass 4♥ Pass 5♦ Pass. You South hold: ♠ A2 ♥ Q543 ♦ 10855 ♣ 32. What do you do?

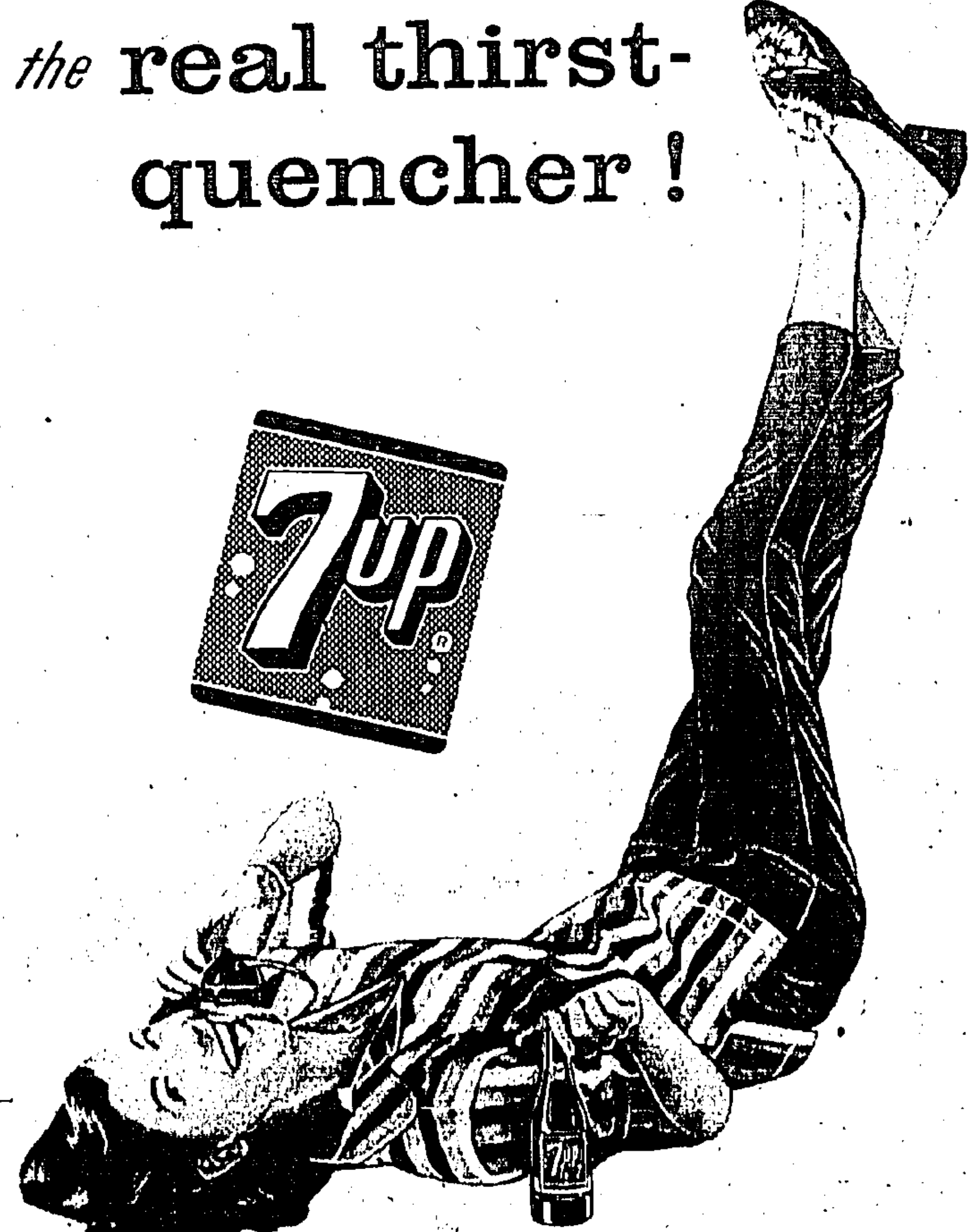
A—Bid four spades. This shows the ace and gives your partner a chance to take full control from then on.

TODAY'S QUESTION

Your partner continues with a bid of five diamonds. What do you do now?

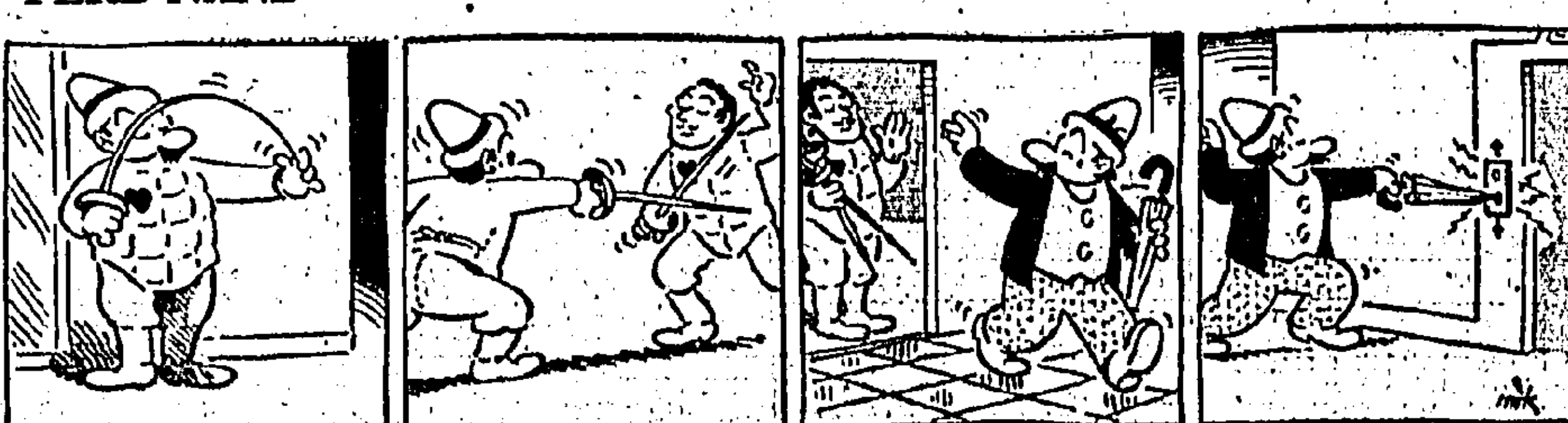
Answer on Monday

the real thirst-quencher!

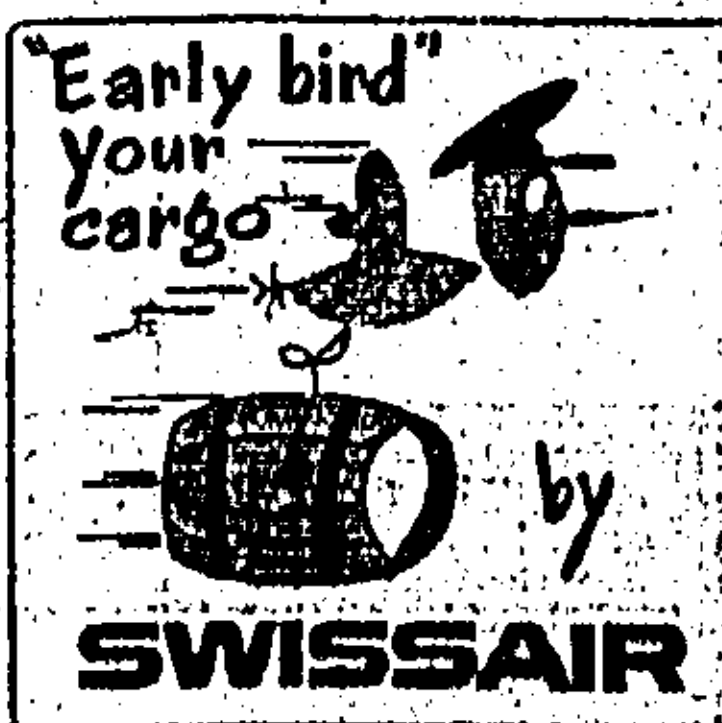


Nothing does it like Seven-Up

FERD'NAND



By Milk



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

The second Test match at Lords starts next Thursday and as usual Radio Hongkong will be remaining on the air until a quarter to midnight to bring listeners an account of the opening stages of the game at Lords.

John Ariotti and Rex Alston will be there to describe the scene and give a commentary on the opening stages of the play, and Test skippers Freddy Brown and Norman Yardley will be on hand to give their opinions on the game.

Opera

Radio Hongkong will present the sixth and final opera in the current opera season at 8.40 tomorrow evening. The work chosen for the last in the series is Donizetti's Lucia di Lammermoor. The story is based on Scott's novel The Bride of Lammermoor.

Donizetti was one of the most prolific of all composers, and during his career (1797-1848) he wrote over sixty operas.

Philharmonic

Another more local item of interest to music lovers will be broadcast at 8.30 on Monday evening in the popular programme Monday Recital. This is a concert recorded by the Hongkong Philharmonic Orchestra at the Lake View Hall last Thursday. In this programme the orchestra will play works by Rossini, Schumann and Beethoven. The soloist will be Caroline Braga (piano).

My Word

The B.B.C. Transcription Service programme My Word, in which a team of four well known broadcasting personalities tackle with questionmaster John Ariotti a number of questions asked in the same vein, ends on Tuesday evening. After a quiet start this programme has built up a large following in Hongkong, due mainly to the quick repartee of scriptwriters Frank Muir and Denis Norden who form the male half of the panel.

High Girders

On Wednesday evening at 9.00 a feature programme on the Thy Bridge disaster will be broadcast. The Thy Bridge across the river Tay was completed in 1878. Eighteen months later it collapsed in a great storm carrying with it into the river below a six coach train. There were no survivors. The tragedy happened at night, and in the midst of one of the worst storms that northern Scotland has ever known. The land was a scene of horror, a thousand yards of iron girders tottering and falling into a river carrying with them an engine, a tender, five coaches and a brake van provide a vivid if horrifying picture.

The bridge was considered one of the wonders of the age, and its failure was a severe blow to national vanity. Its designer, Thomas Bouch, was declared mainly responsible by the Court of Inquiry, and public opinion decided that he was a criminal. He went gently mad and died within a year of the disaster.

The Scarlet Pimpernel of the Vatican



He was a Priest. His name: Hugh O'Flaherty. His birthplace: Killarney. Throughout the last two years of the war in Italy he openly defied the Nazis in rescuing from under their noses nearly 5,000 Allied Prisoners.

The Scarlet Pimpernel of the Vatican has been written for the Sunday Post Herald by ERIC WILLIAMS, the man who was himself a Prisoner of War and who wrote the Wooden Horse. "Slowly, from many sources," says Williams, "I have learned Monsignor O'Flaherty's whole fascinating story. It is one of the most exciting hidden chapters of the Second World War."

It Begins Exclusively in TO-MORROW'S

SOUTH CHINA SUNDAY POST-HERALD

Radio Hongkong Brings You Reports On The Second Test

5.00 UNIT REQUESTS.
5.15 WEATHER REPORT, MARCH.
5.30 THOUGHT ON YOUR WAY.
5.45 REV. NORTON.
5.55 WEATHER REPORT, MARCH.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL.
6.15 THE NEWS.
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FIRST TEST - 2nd DAY



Unhappy test debut for M. K. Smith who scored a duck in the first innings, and is here being caught behind the wicket by Patric MacGibbon for 7 in the second innings at the first Test against New Zealand at Birmingham.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(On 25.750 Mc/s, 11.65m; and 21.550 Mc/s, 13.92m)

SATURDAY, JUNE 14

7.30 P.M. CHARLES CHESLER IN A PROPER CHAIR.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 COMMENTARY.
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SOFTBALL SUMMER LEAGUE BEGINS ON MONDAY

By "TIME OUT"

The Hongkong Softball Association's Summer League gets under way on Monday, June 16 when the two-times Men's Junior League champions, the Seminoles clash in the opening game with the War Eagles.

Six teams have joined the Men's section. These are the Angels, Austers, Dodgers, Chinese Athletics and the two already mentioned. In the distaff section four teams have entered but the University, South China, Athletics and the Matadors will not be seen in action until early next month. Three games will be played off weekly at King's Park, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays commencing at 8.45 p.m. sharp.

BEST CHANCE

If names mean anything at all it appears that the Athletics have the best chance to win the AS Watson trophy. With the exception of one or two new faces the squad is the same as that which participated in the 1957-58 Winter League and which almost pulled off some startling upsets against top-notch opponents. With a lot of experience behind them they must rate as favourites.

The Senior League "Dodgers" have banded together under the name of "Angels" and they must also be given some consideration as they have both youth and speed and have been playing together as a team before.

The rest of the League is made up of the Seminoles, War Eagles, Dodgers and the popular bunch of servicemen from Shatin, the Austers. All are regular Junior Leaguers who have just gone through a hectic 10-game schedule but despite the sweltering heat are still eager to hear the familiar cry of "Play Ball."

BACK SEATS

The Seminoles and Dodgers are two keen-as-mustard teams and will also have some say about the ultimate resting place of the trophy but I am afraid that the Eagles and Austers will have to take back seats since they have failed in the past to make any sort of impression by their standard of play.

Ladies' softball being what it is, it takes a braver man than I to predict the name of the eventual winner although on past form it should be the Pokfulam Insults all the way with South China breathing down their necks. A repeat of the thrilling Knock-out final game is in store for fans.

The Matadors are a team of beginners mostly from the Maryknoll Convent and it remains to be seen just how they will stand up to the strain of competition.

England's Team For Australia Tour

New Champion Has Wedding Plans



Now that he has become British and Empire heavyweight boxing champion — he took the titles from Joe Erskine last week — BRIAN LONDON is turning his thoughts to marriage.

His fiancée is VERONICA CLIFF, a 21-year-old Blackpool girl who works at a hospital.

They are pictured together at Brian's home in Blackpool. Former heavyweight champion Jack London, Brian's father, expects the wedding to take place in a month or two.—Reuter Photo.

ONLY CLASS CRICKETERS SHOULD GO

Says NORMAN YARDLEY

(Former England and Yorkshire Captain)

The England cricket team on duty at Edgbaston, Birmingham, last weekend represented much more than the eleven to do battle with New Zealand in the First Test—although that was important enough.

Here is the basis for the party Peter May will lead in a tougher battle in Australia in September.

Add six names to this team and you have the full party of 17. I know Len Hutton had 18 with him last tour—Compton flew out, you will remember—but that is not a good number to manage, and I am pretty certain 17 will be England's limit this time.

I am pretty certain too—at least as certain as anybody can be at this stage of the English season—that the eleven at Birmingham will all be on that boat.

Only injury or an appalling turn of form can prevent that, for as usual the selectors have picked CLASS players all the way down the line. And those are the men England wants for Australia.

First Test team were: P. B. H. May (Surrey), captain, T. E. Bailey (Essex), M. C. Cowdrey (Kent), T. G. Evans (Kent), T. W. Graveney (Glos.), J. C. Laker (Surrey), P. J. Lander (Surrey), G. A. R. Lock (Surrey), P. E. Richardson (Worce), M. J. K. Smith (Yorkshire), E. S. Trueman (Yorkshire), 12th Man: D. W. Richardson (Worce).

Lively Lad

I know care will be taken to sort out the men unlikely to do well on the hard—and what I'm certain will be very good—Australian wickets. But the class men will still go.

I accept the fact that neither Tony Lock nor Jim Laker will be the power over there that they are in England. But they are still two of England's best spin bowlers and I can't see them being left out.

But the party of 17 is not just knocked up haphazardly. It is built to plan. For instance, the first addition to the present eleven will have to be an essential second wicket-keeper to Godfrey Evans.

Barring accidents, he should be young Roy Swetman, the lively lad who has done so well

in MCC games at Lord's but who still cannot oust Arthur McIntyre from the Surrey side. Swetman has kept well and has scored good runs when the important eye of authority has been on him.

England will also need at least one more fast bowler to help Freddie Trueman and Peter Lander. It looks like being Brian Statham again.

Tyson's Form

If Frank Tyson suddenly strikes his real form—and that could easily happen, for he is keen, shrewd and fit, and badly wants to see Australia again—it will be a matter of major policy as to whether England should bank on four outright fast bowlers and try to win the series on sheer speed.

I am inclined to think it could be a very good idea, but only if all four are fighting fit and really in form. I make that important condition because a fourth fast man would mean the omission of a second all-rounder in case Trevor Bailey is injured.

The obvious man in line for that job at this juncture is the Cambridge captain Ted Dexter. And a very useful man he could be as a hard-hitting batsman and the strong medium-fast bowler who could keep an end going indefinitely.

But a second all-rounder would be the one to drop out because the touring party must carry two more batsmen—one of them a spare opener—and another spin bowler.

Spare Spin Bowler

I would go even further than that and say the spare spin bowler must be Yorkshire's Johnny Wardle. I know Johnny said he did not want to make any more tours after his successful trip to South Africa, cricket takes a man away from his family a long time. But I think England's need is so great that he will have to be persuaded to change his mind.

Johnny is the only genuinely good wrist spinner in England. On the hard Australian wickets—as on the tough pitches of South Africa—the wrist spinner is the only one who can

make the ball turn enough to beat the batsman effectively. In fact, Johnny Wardle could hold the key to the whole of England's attack next winter. If he does not go, the selectors might have to rely on a full speed battery.

If it does go, the ideal make-up of England's Test attack in Australia could be two outright quickies, all-rounder Bailey, Wardle, and then either Lock or Laker as stock bowler.

Another Bradman?

The two extra batsmen? It's a bit early to decide yet. But obviously Dick Richardson is in line and Don Smith, Mickey Stewart and Arthur Milton also must be possible. And so must Willie Watson, who is doing such a fine job with Leicestershire. But for all the talk of a "golden age" in the guide as the season goes on.

From the reports I am getting from Australia, they have no other young Bradman in pickle for us in the shape of Norman O'Neill of New South Wales. This boy, apparently hits everything in sight, and I am delighted to hear it. Cricket could do with another Bradman.

But I am inclined to think that the nearest thing to the Bradman level is right here in England just now, with the name Peter May—England's captain. He is hitting the ball as hard and well as anybody I have ever seen.

And if another Bradman pops up in English county cricket in the meantime, I'll be all for including him on the tour, too!

(All Rights Reserved)

JUST 'WEIGHT' AND SEE

South African mid-heavyweight weightlifter for the Empire Games at Cardiff in July is Júlio de Fátima, and it is stated that this athlete, of Portuguese extraction, has lifted 18,000 tons since he took up the sport seven years ago.

During the past four months he has lifted 18 tons each training session in preparation for the Cardiff Games.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. What is the only athletics event in which a pre-war world record remains intact?
2. Who has recently won the women's singles title at the Italian Lawn Tennis Championships?
3. What would you be doing if you were taking part in Catch-as-Catch-can?
4. What do these athletes have in common—Louisa, Hilda, Sherring and Kitchman?
5. Golf was introduced to the United States in 1643, 1768, or 1887?
6. Which country won the first World Soccer Cup and in which country was it held?
7. Name one of the two horses which won four classics of the English Turf?
8. Archie Moore, world lightweight boxing champion, recently fought his 150th, 200th or 300th professional fight?
9. The top four women lawn tennis players in 1957 were Louise Brough, Darlene Hard, Althea Gibson and Dorothy Knode. What is their correct order in the list?
10. What's the name? "A joiner who turned professional golfer... first to win British Open Championship five times... one of first professionals to be given membership of the Royal and Ancient... died 1950." (Answers on Page 17)

Who's For Australia

It is a generally accepted fact that great England wicket-keeper, George Duckworth of Lancashire, will be baggage man and scouter on the MCC tour of Australia this winter. It is likely that another famous Test keeper, Leslie Ames, of Kent, will also be in the party in an official capacity—probably as Assistant Manager.



only the best is good enough for FATHER on FATHER'S DAY (Sunday June 15)

sheer, lightweight materials for cool, casual summer comfort. leisure-designed and styled shirts

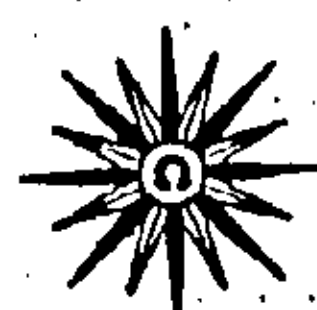
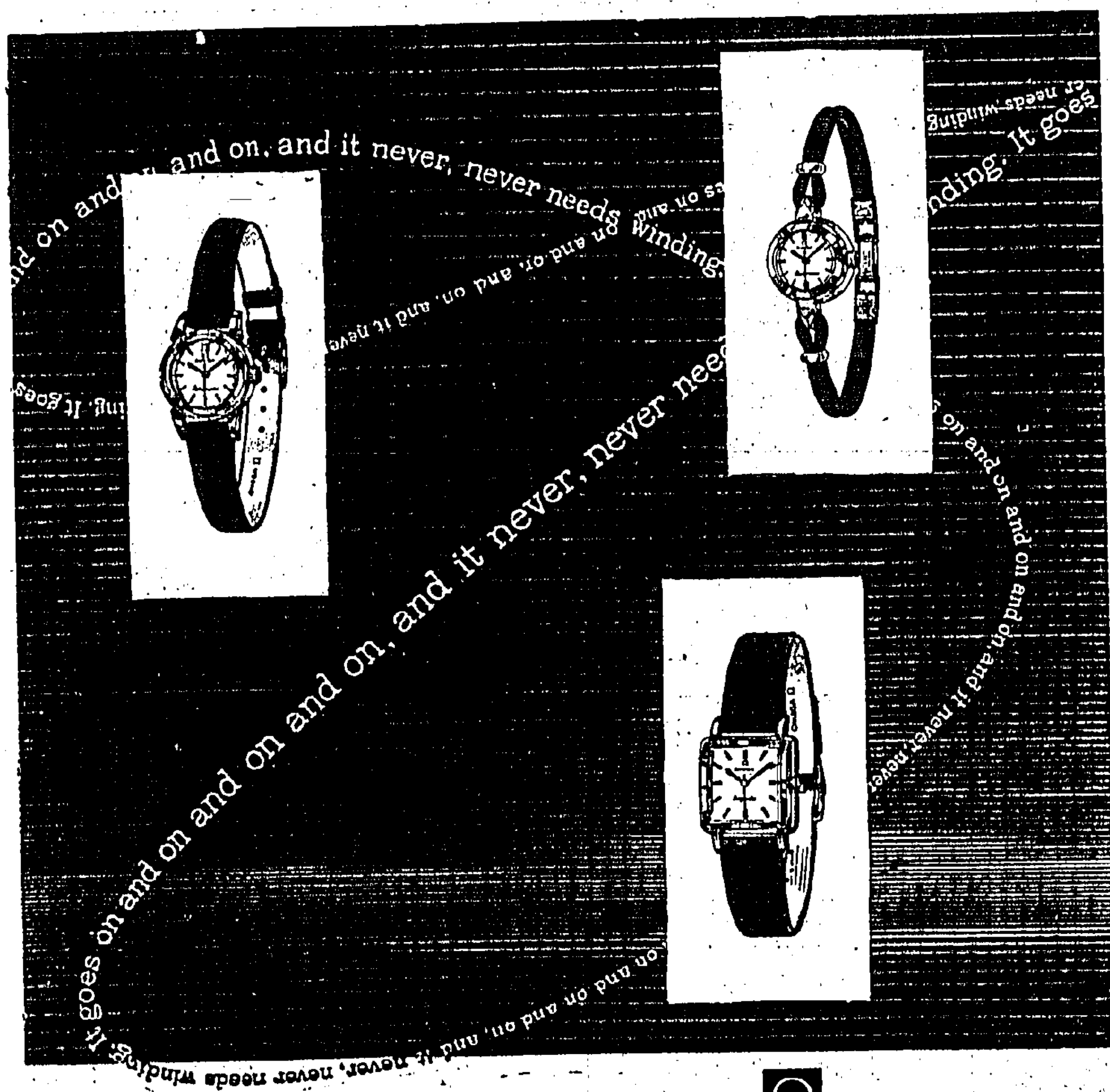
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Have a cool, carefree summer... wear Coopers shirts. Full-cut and skillfully tailored to give you a luxury of comfortable relaxation. Make Coopers your answer to casual smartness. In a collection of handsome colors, patterns and styles; sizes S-M-L-XL.



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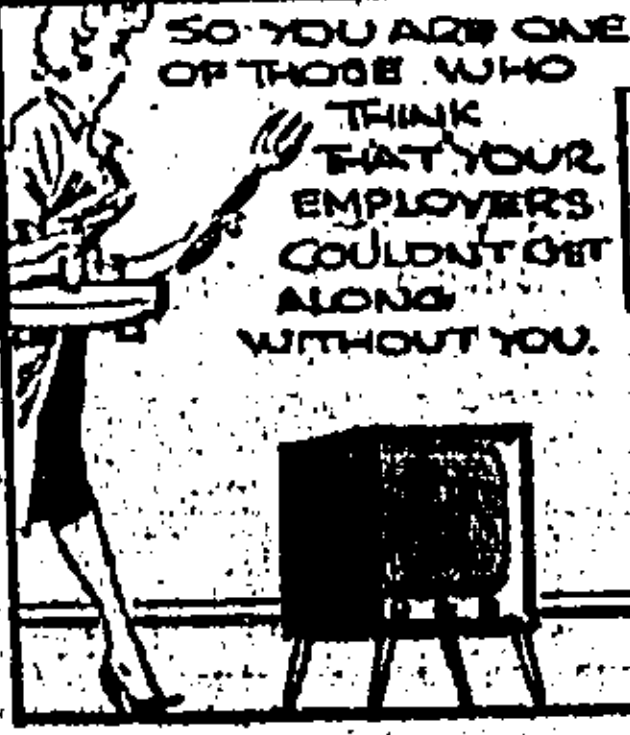
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PRECIOUS MOMENTS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS.

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THE GAMMALS

by Barry Appleby

**NOT A BREATH OF WIND—JUST
DRIFT WITH THE CURRENT**

**NONE OF THOSE NOISY
OUTBOARD MOTORS**

**SO PEACEFUL AND RELAXING
(TIME TO TURN BACK)**

**TWO HOURS LATER
DON'T KEEP
SAYING 'YOU'RE NOT MAKING
ANY PROGRESS AGAINST THE
FLOW OF THE RIVER'**

'I'M SORRY, DEAR'

**DON'T LET'S UPSET
OURSELVES**

**AFTER ALL, WE DID AGREE
NOT TO HAVE WORDS OVER
TRIVIAL MATTERS**

**WHO SAID THIS IS A TRIVIAL
MATTER?**

★ ★ ★

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

★ ★ ★

Nowhere Is The Name Of A Town And Another Is Henpeck

BABY SITTERS' SPECIALS

If you go to your baby sitting engagements primed with something to keep your young charges busy and interested, you've got it made!

★ ★ ★

For a small baby not able to get out of its crib, tie a coloured ribbon where it can be seen. Or put a sheet of paper that rattles under the baby's heels. He will have a fine time making a noise by kicking it.

For older children, ask your librarian for an amusing picture book. All children like looking at pictures and most of them will go to bed willingly

and on time if you read the story to them.

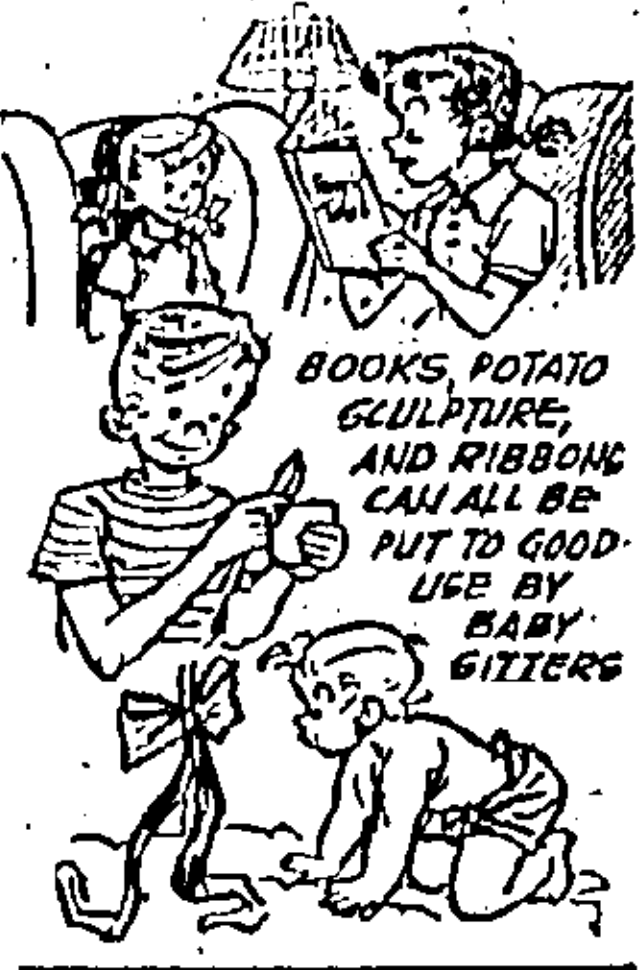
Still older children will like "sculpting" heads. Spread a newspaper and peel a small apple or a potato. Now carve features on the "heads." (Use the edge of a spoon. It is easy and safe, too.) Push a hairpin or baby pin into the head to hang it by. Then put it in some out-of-the-way place. As the heads dry the potato will harden into a strange stony-looking mask and the apple will wrinkle like the face of a very old person.

A small package of elbow macaroni and some shoelaces will amuse small fry for long periods of time. String the macaroni to make necklaces or bracelets. Several strings will make "wampum" to decorate

small Indians or become crown jewels for kings and queens. All children like to pound nails. Try amusing your charges with a bar of laundry soap and a handful of small nails. (Count the nails before, and after, and during for safety.) A pencil pushed into a spoon makes a hammer. Pound the nails into the soap.

★ ★ ★

The biggest part of your job, however, is to watch the children. Keep an eye open all the time for things they might put in their mouths or sharp objects they could step on. When parents know that their children are well cared for they can enjoy their night out.



DID you ever go fishing in Cowakin Creek? Or drive along the dusty streets of a little village called Muddy? Don't laugh! Cowakin Creek is an actual Missouri stream — and Muddy is a town in Illinois.

They are representative of the thousands of American place names that tickle our funnybone, or act as jaw-breakers.

Why were so many American towns, streets and streams given such outlandish names? If you check into their history, generally there is a reason. Clark county, Ga., has a road called Nowhere. Possibly when it was hacked out of the woods it had no terminus, so someone said it didn't go "nowhere." Later a town sprang up, and it, too, was called Nowhere. So now you can take a road called Nowhere and actually go to Nowhere.

Recently at Manchester, N.M., a group of people protested the fact that a street called Birch was changed to Koscusko. "Birch" is a Polish name, and it was of Polish descent that it was so more difficult to pronounce than Winnesaukee, Pemigewasset, Uncanoonuc and other Indian names used in the state. New Orleans, for instance, has a street named Tchoupitoulas. It could well be strange trying to pronounce Tchoupitoulas. While Tonyawatha Terrace, is typical of the tongue-twisting street names in Wisconsin cities.

★ ★ ★

WE HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN the American Indian in our place names, either. Memorials to the red man are found in such place names as Allegheny, Mohawk, Erie, Huron, Nipissing, Cherokee, Kansas, Ohio, Illinois and Natchez.

And how we've borrowed from history! No less than 189 places within U.S. borders bear the name of Washington; 80 of Jefferson, 132 of Jackson, 71 of Monroe and 62 of Harrison. And later presidents, Lincoln, Grant and Hoover, are also well represented.

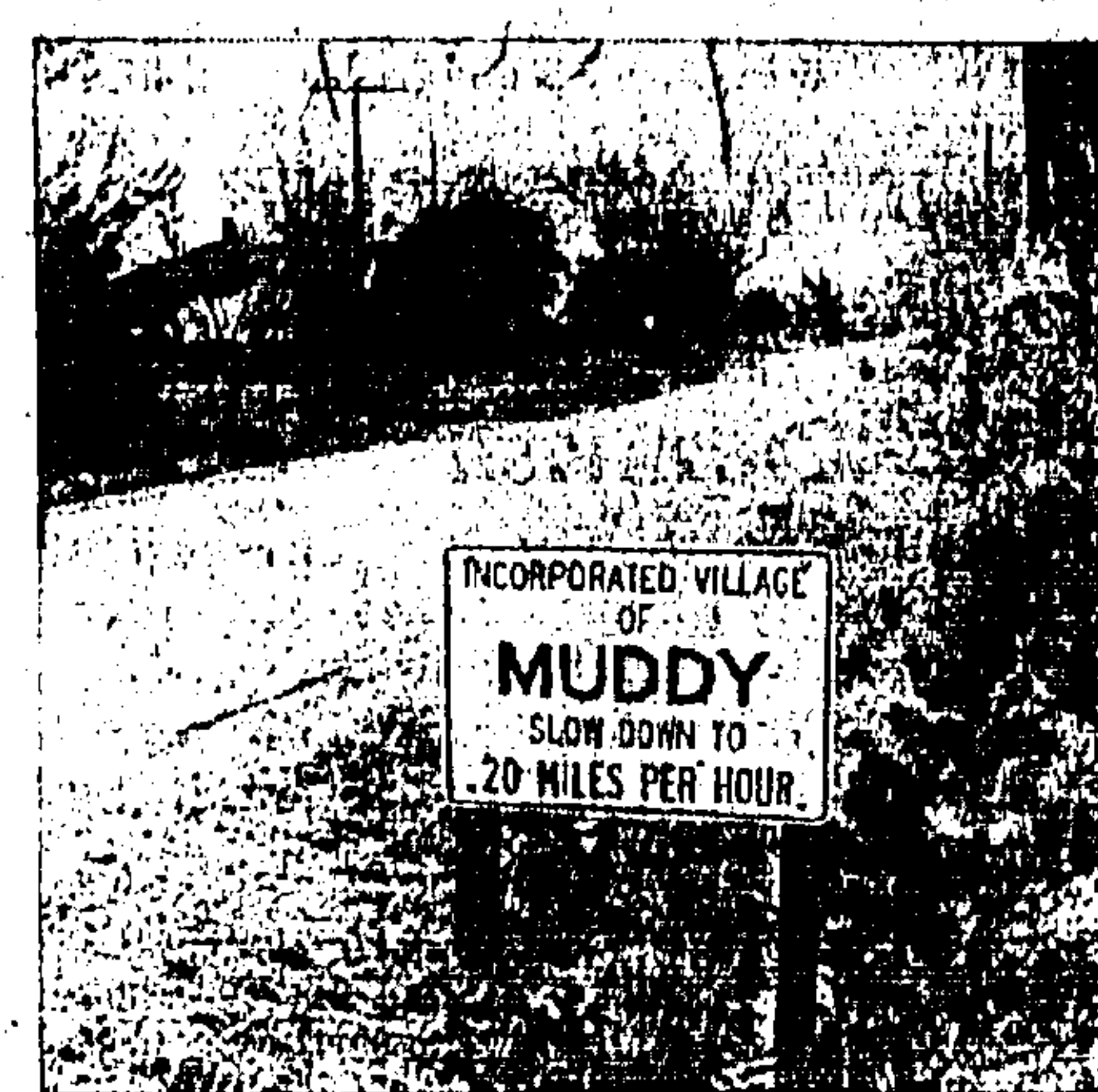
But the odd place names really "win the cake" in America. Sublet, Calif., is a combination of the words sugar and beet. Californians named a town Yelka by reversing the word bakery, omitting the final "y."

Beloit, Wis., is a coined name, a take-off of Detroit. The town of Fifty-eight, in South Carolina, got its unusual name because it was exactly 58 miles from Charleston.

★ ★ ★

CALIFORNIA BOASTS towns called Henpeck City and Goose Village. Illinois has a Roachtown and Mississippi asks a question with its town named Why Not.

Many of our place names are accurate descriptions of things



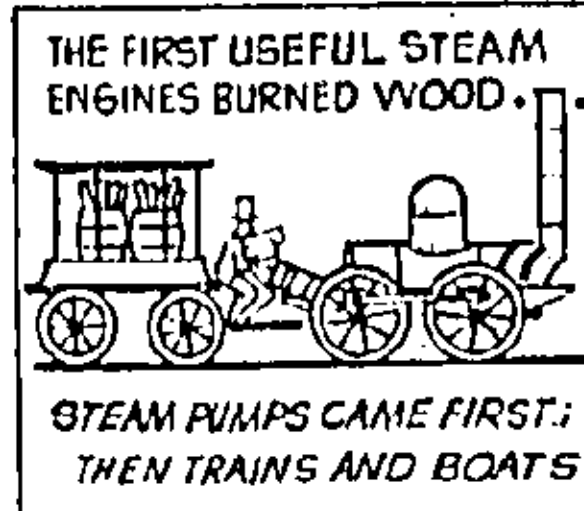
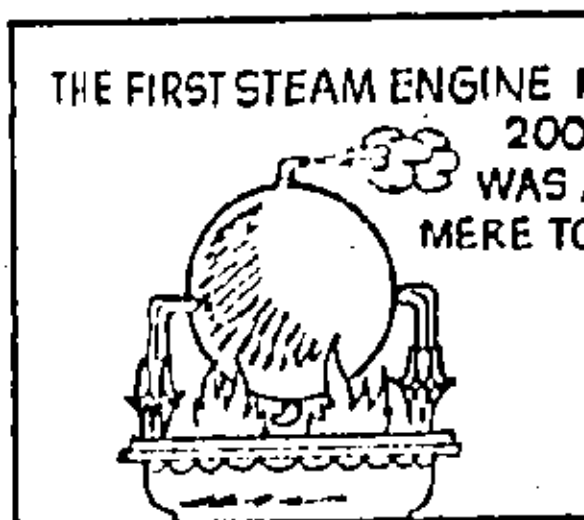
No one knows why the Illinois town of Muddy was so named; it is a dry prairie town in the southern part of the state. But its name has given it a lot of publicity.

historic, but many are not. The Black River, an Ozark stream, is not black. But the Nile definitely is blue, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, where the clear waters of the highlands enter the stream. The yellow dust of Mongolia's desert sands colours the Yellow River until it is truly named.

In our own Missouri you'll find a town named Peculiar, and in the South, you'll find towns named Affinity, Carress, Lovely, Darling, Devotion and Romeo. But New Mexico got the most publicity of all when it named a town Truth or Consequences.

—GROVER BRINKMAN

Our Most Important Worker, Steam

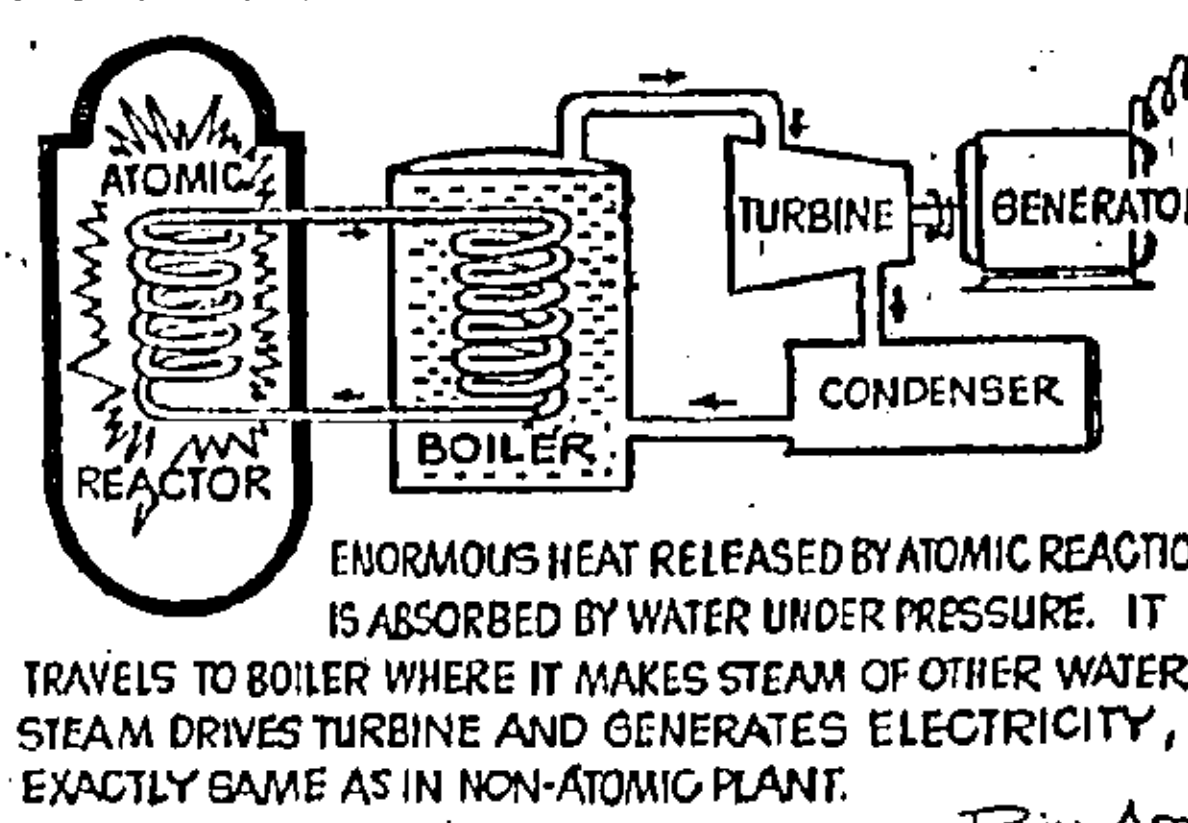


STEAM PUMPS CAME FIRST, THEN TRAINS AND BOATS

...THEN COAL, AND LATER OIL, BEGAN TO BE USED TO MAKE STEAM. STEAM DROVE TRAINS, SHIPS AND GENERATED ELECTRICITY.



AS WE ENTER THE ATOMIC AGE STEAM STILL PLAYS A PART. IT MAY SURPRISE YOU TO LEARN THAT THE PRESENT ATOMIC POWER PLANTS GET ENERGY BY MAKING STEAM.



Bill Armes

The Strange Battle Of The Frogs

HAVE you ever heard of the mysterious Battle of the Frogs that frightened settlers out of their beds and sent them fleeing, half-dressed, to the village green?

It happened on a warm June night in 1758. At first distant rumblings were heard. Then thunderous noises grew louder and louder.

All night long people of Windham, Connecticut, huddled together in fear, afraid that a band of Indians was about to descend on them.

Of course these early settlers were used to living with the threat of Indian attack. But on this particular night they had a

very special reason to be afraid. Some of their leaders had made a deal for a tract of land—known in history as the Susquehanna Purchase—which the Indians were unwilling to sell. Word had come that they were on the warpath about the land.

All night the noise went on, sometimes close and rumbling like thunder, sometimes far away and moaning. Finally as the day began to break, the noises began to get lower and lower and finally stopped altogether.

★ ★ ★

When the sun was high in the heavens and there was still no sign of Indians, the people went back to their homes. But their curiosity was aroused. What had caused all the commotion through the night, they wondered?



Some brave ones investigated. They creaked around the town to see if they could find any evidence of a fight. And there,

at the pond which was not far from the village, green, they found countless dead and dying frogs. Something terrible had happened to the frogs, but no one seemed to know exactly what.

The people of Windham were amazed when the story spread. Generations later the story was told and retold as an example of the sickening fear that besieged our early settlers.

★ ★ ★

The State of Connecticut included the Battle of the Frogs in its history. Today the pond is identified by a tablet erected by the D.A.R. Tourists to Connecticut who are driving on Route 14 often stop at Windham Center to see the spot where a frog massacre made history.

—EVELYN WITTER

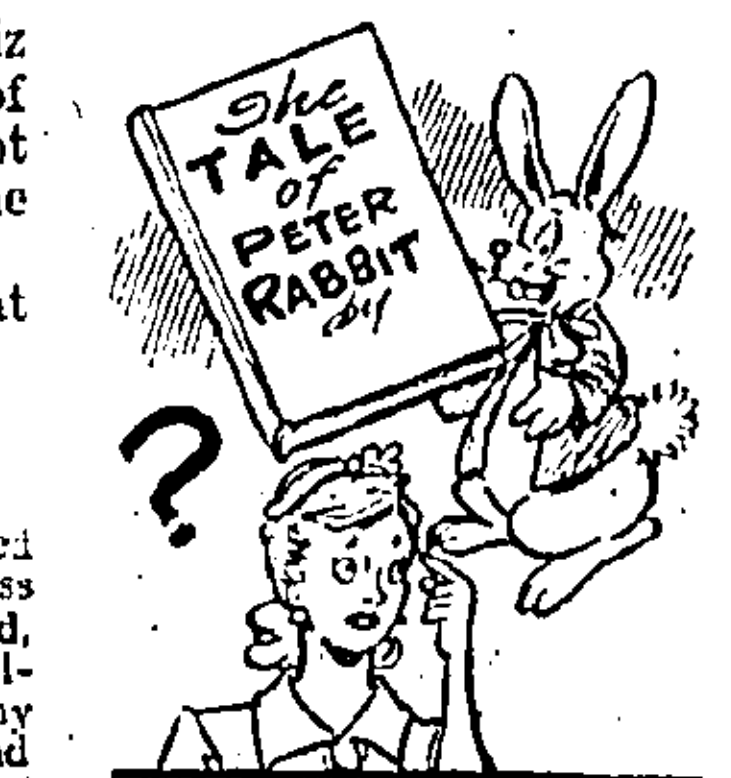
The Real Story Of 'Peter Rabbit'

ONCE a woman on a quiz show lost a lot of money because she could not answer, "Who wrote 'The Tale of Peter Rabbit'?" Can you answer that question?

★ ★ ★

This story was originated about 1892 in London by Miss Beatrix Potter. From a child, she always liked stories, children and animals. She had many pets, a cat, a dog, canaries, and a large, white, rabbit named Peter.

One day, after she was a grown lady, she heard about a little friend being sick. Taking



some flowers from her garden, and a baked custard, she visited five-year-old Joey.

Sitting beside his bed, and trying to cheer him up, she told him about her animals.

Joey liked best to hear about her rabbit, Peter, who was always getting into trouble. Once he'd run away and was almost lost.

Shortly after this, Miss Potter, with her parents, left on a trip through England and Scotland. She wrote many interesting letters to Joey.

★ ★ ★

Once, when she seemed to be out of news, she wrote "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" and mailed it to her little friend.

Joey liked this story so well, he had his mother read it over and over to him. He even kept it after he was grown up.

Miss Potter illustrated her story with pen and ink sketches and told it to other children who liked it.

So that many more children could hear her story, she went to several publishers and asked them to make it into a book.

They said it would cost too much and refused.

Several years passed. In 1900, Miss Potter decided she would pay for publishing these books herself, and they'd have coloured pictures of Peter and his family.

She wondered if she were doing the right thing.

To her surprise, and also the publisher's, these little books were a great success. Every child wanted the book about Peter.

This story was translated into foreign languages for children in faraway countries.

Because of Miss Beatrix Potter's pet rabbit, now we all know and love "The Tale of Peter Rabbit."

—GENEVIEVE BRUNSON

Brain Teaser—Salt Story

CENTURIES ago, the officers and men of the mighty Roman army were given a ration or allowance of salt. But as time went on and salt was easier to obtain, they were merely given money to buy the salt themselves. This money became known as their salary or "salt" money. Our word salary is derived from that old Roman word. Today we have a great many words and phrases which contain the word salt.

What are the following:

1. To store away.
2. To put gold dust, etc. into a mine to create a false impression of value.
3. To be a person's guest.
4. The capital of Utah.
5. Place where natural salt is found.
6. A salty white mineral used in making gunpowder.
7. The best people.
8. To be worth one's wages.
9. To consider with some reservation.
10. Experienced sailor.

Answers: 1. To store away. 2. To salt. 3. To entertain. 4. Salt Lake City. 5. Salt flat. 6. Saltpetre. 7. The salt of the earth. 8. To salt. 9. To salt. 10. To salt.

HOW TO MAKE A KITE

1. FIND 2 STICKS ABOUT 1/2 INCH SQUARE. 1 STICK 22 IN. LONG AND 1 STICK 22 IN. LONG... NOTCH ENDS.

2. GLUE STICKS TOGETHER. 7 INCHES.

3. RUN A STRING AROUND ENDS OF STICKS. WRAP AROUND ENDS.

4. LAY FRAME ON A LARGE PIECE OF THIN PAPER.

5. FOLD EDGE OVER STRING AND GLUE ALL AROUND.

6. MAKE A BRIDLE LIKE THIS...

7. LONG STRING SHOULD BE 3 INCH LONG WHEN TIED.

8. MAKE A TAIL WITH 4 INCH STRIPS OF NEWSPAPER TIED 12 IN. APART.

9. TIE TAIL TO KITE.

10. KITE IS READY TO FLY.

A Farm In A Jar

Mr. Punch Shows The Others How To Make One

By MAX TRELL



Inside the jar, Knarf and Teddy saw a little farm.

KNARF, the Shadow-Boy with Teddy to Knarf and Hiawatha, and his two friends Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, and Hiawatha the Small-Sized Wooden Indian, heard the tinkling of glass from the next room.

"Mr. Punch is in there," said Teddy to Knarf and Hiawatha. "I just peered in through the door and saw him looking at a big, empty glass jar."

Knarf and Hiawatha were silent for several moments.

"I wonder what Mr. Punch wants with an empty jar," said Knarf.

Hiawatha shook his head gloomily.

Why Break It?

"What does anyone want with an empty jar? If it's empty, it means he's going to fill it up. What else can you do with an empty jar—except break it? And what's the good of breaking it?"

Hiawatha was still shaking his head and mumbling to himself when suddenly, the door to Mr. Punch's room opened and Mr. Punch looked out.

"Come on in here, you three. I'm putting a farm in a glass jar. You might like to see me do it."

Couldn't Understand

Knarf and Teddy and Hiawatha looked at each other in surprise, then they all went in. Not for the life of them could they understand what he meant by saying that he was going to "put a farm in a glass jar."

And even when they got inside Mr. Punch's room and looked at the jar on the table, they didn't understand any better than before what Mr. Punch meant.

Mr. Punch came over, rubbing his hands and smiling. He was dressed, they noticed, in overalls.

They also noticed several other things.

Small Plants

They noticed that on the table just beside the jar was a bag of earth, a little pile of stones and pebbles and a bundle of green plants of various shapes. The plants were quite small.

"Now," said Mr. Punch, "know you don't believe that I really mean what I said about putting a farm inside a glass jar."

Teddy said: "A farm is enormous. You can't put an enormous farm in a small jar."

Mr. Punch kept smiling.

"And," said Knarf, "how can you keep a farm inside the house? Farms have to be outside in the open air."

Mr. Punch kept right on smiling.

"Bah!" grunted Hiawatha. "What I think is this: you can

put a jar in a farm, but you can't put a farm in a jar. Bah! Bah!"

At this Mr. Punch burst out laughing.

"Just watch," he said.

This is what Mr. Punch did. He put the earth in the jar, put the pebbles and stones here and there to form little hills and ridges. Then he made holes in the earth and one by one planted the little plants.

"There, take a look at my farm now!" Mr. Punch said with pride.

At this Mr. Punch burst out laughing.

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"Just watch," he said.

Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

RUSSIAN REBUS

The four facts about Russia hidden in this rebus by Puzzle Pete will unfold themselves for you if you use the words and pictures to your fullest advantage.



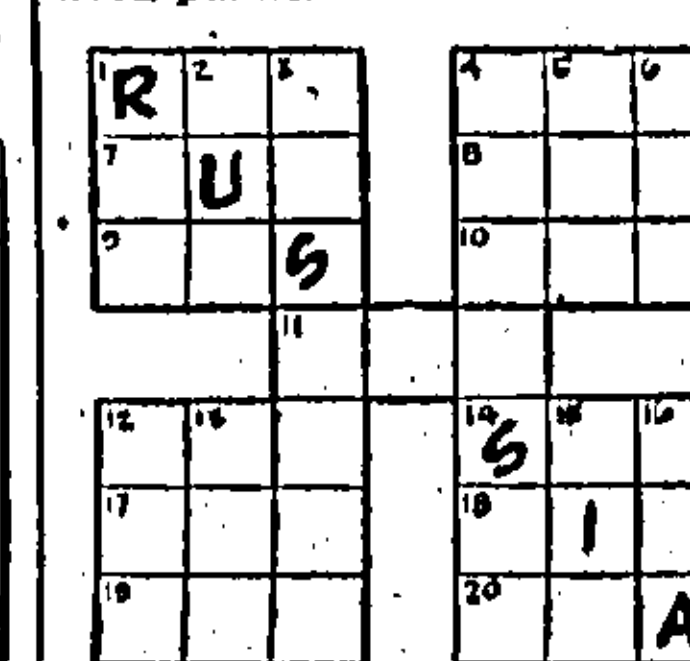
BACKWARD LOOK

If you have trouble with these three places in Russia, try reading them backward.

NILMEK DARGINEL AEMIRC

CROSSWORD

RUSSIA was lettered in by Cartoonist Cal to give you some help with Puzzle Pete's crossword puzzle:



ACROSS

- 1 King (Fr.)
- 4 River in Russia
- 7 Huge cask
- 8 Compass point
- 9 Eliter vessel
- 10 Boy's nickname
- 11 Frozen water
- 12 Belongs to him
- 14 Foreign agent
- 17 Table scrap
- 18 Bird
- 19 Footlike part
- 20 The Black—

DOWN

- 1 Route (abbr.)
- 2 Belonging to us
- 3 Perisols
- 4 Hra Soviet the every the vast
- 5 First number
- 6 Another boy's nickname
- 12 Jump on one foot
- 13 Anger
- 15 Pasture
- 16 Affirmative vote

JUMBLED SENTENCE

Poor Puzzle Pete got off the track with his sentence about Russia and calls for your help to straighten it out. The words of the sentence are in the box below. Put them in the right order to make a sentence that makes sense.

of of contains except the of the tropical one-sixth land Republics phase Union distinctly earth's Socialist surface, climate,

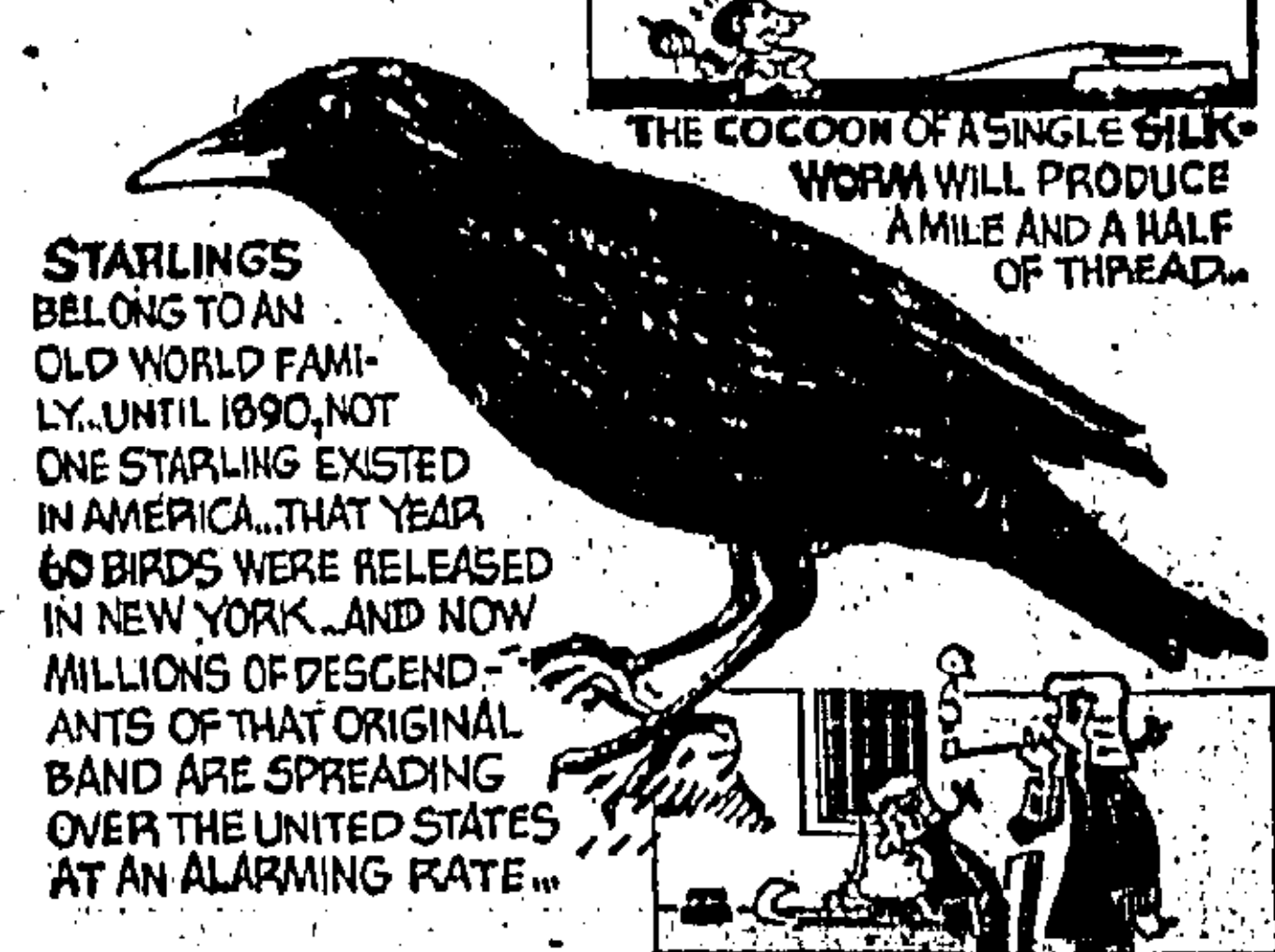
WORD DIAMOND

Russia launched a couple of SPUTNIKs last year, giving Puzzle Pete a centre for his word diamond. The second word is "to health care"; third "an athletic feat"; fifth "a girl's name"; and sixth "to bind."

S P U T N I K

(Solutions on Page 20)

40X45 WILCO



CROW QUILLS WERE USED TO WRITE FINE LINES BEFORE THE INTRODUCTION OF STEEL PENS.

Rupert and the Jackdaw—11



all about it. I wonder if today Rupert is too. As he speaks he holds up a finger. "First, there's someone calling." They listen, and the cry comes again, and, walking over a slope, they see their pal Paddy bounding up and down to get up.

CYRIL STAPLETON

Reporting:

Rank goes into the disc business

I DISCOVERED that the Rank Organisation is going into the recording business. No artists have yet been signed, but the name Rank Records is registered.

Disc talent in the Rank set-up? Zippy Jean Carson is still under film contract. And Kay Kendall, who sang with Gene Kelly in "Les Girls," is just back in Britain. The Rank Organisation's interest in recording heralds, I believe, a real stampede on the part of the film companies.

CLUE No. ONE: In the U.S. Warner Brothers have engaged James Conklin, one-time chief executive of American Columbia, to organise their entry into the record market. That means big business.

CLUE No. TWO: 20th Century-Fox have decided to enter the field.

CLUE No. THREE: M-G-M, who blazed the trail some years ago, have reorganised their recording concern and appointed a new president.

Result: they now have two records in the Top Twenty—for the first time in their history—Marvin Rainwater's "Whole Lotta Woman" and "Who's Sorry Now?" revived by Connie Francis.

It has been estimated that Frank Sinatra's recording "Three Coins in the Fountain" has sold 1,000,000 copies by ground £1,000,000. The recording of "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing" was largely responsible for the great success of the film.

Rank's, in fact, might have had a best-seller on their hands had they been in time to cash in on their new comedy, "It's a Wonderful Life." The title song is very popular. It might have been a smash hit with possibly a John Garfield recording.

DINAH'S BACK—BUT WHAT BECAME OF BILL?

WELCOME back, Dinah Shore. First release here after a long gap is her "Whispering Will." Always nice to greet one of the old brigade. That is not being ungrateful. We all know that in this business you can be a veteran before you come of age.

You may have seen Dinah's TV series on the B.B.C. She is such a polished singer, and as such a friendly on the home screen as she is in person.

But her delivery over the years has, shall we say, lacked the shock value that sends the kids' hotfoot to buy. "Thirteen Men" looks like being her lucky number. The song is not new—just reshaped. Original title was "Thirteen Women," and it was issued here on the other side of Bill Haley's "Rock Around the Clock." Which reminds me: whatever became of Bill Haley?

ELVIS—THE NAVY'S NEW SECRET WEAPON

THIS just is not Elvis Presley's year. First, girl fans were refused locks of his hair when he was shown by the regimental barber recently.

Then Bob Hope made cracks at the Academy Award presentation. "While we're here frolicking, Elvis is defending us."

Even the U.S. Navy has turned on him. Divers are using Presley's recording of "Hound Dog" to scare the fish away.

THE FAN WHO WED THE BAND LEADER

LET me introduce you to Keely Smith, the girl with the smoky voice. Here is a singer who got in by the back door. She started as president of the Louie Prima fan club. Then she joined his band as vocalist and married him. 12 months later, they have two children.

This girl, Keely, obviously knows how to make the most of her chances. She is in films—you can see her with Robert Mitchum in "Thunderbolt and Lightning" and with her accompanied by Nelson Riddle's orchestra on a new LP, "I Wish You Love."

Now she has achieved what must be the goal of all ambitious girl vocalists. She has recorded with Frank Sinatra. Their duets will be released next month. Titles: "How Are Ya Fixed For Love?" and "Nothing in Common."

Louie Prima himself is no slouch. Six of his records have sold a million and he must be one of the few musicians born in New Orleans, home of jazz, who has made a pile.

JAZZ DISCS

JAZZ CONCERT: "Shin Tight and Crystal White" (Columbia 334,100: 12in. LP), 4444



* PAUL ANKA, "Crazy Love" (Columbia). Anka comes a cropper after two big hits. If this is a big seller, anything goes. Weak, imitative beat. Bad, baby-talk lyric. Anka's puny gargling does not help at all, either.

*** JOHNNIE RAY, "Strollin' Girl" (Philips). Ray could reach the top of the record charts again with this. Stroll is a current dance craze in the States. This song has a relaxed but solid beat. Ray has a relaxed but solid sense of showmanship.

*** BARRY JOHNS, "Are You Sincere?" (H.M.V.). Pleasant, unaffected ballad with better-than-usual lyrics. New crooner Barry Johns does an easy-sounding, expert vocal.

*** MALCOLM MITCHELL and his Trio, "Dance, Dance, Dance" (Fontana). L.P. Of course, a dance record. Pleasant, unaffected ballad with better-than-usual lyrics. New crooner Barry Johns does an easy-sounding, expert vocal.

TOP POPS

By JOHN LAMBERT

***** VIC DAMONE, "On the Street Where You Live" (Philips). The big, beautiful love song from "My Fair Lady." Lifting melody, lovely lyric. Damone does it with sliken-smooth style.

HERB GELLER, "Herb Geller Plays" (Emarey EJL 1208: 12in. LP). ****. With his wife, Lorraine, a fleet-fingered pianist, the 30-year-old Los Angeles alto-saxist Herb Geller swings through a dozen varied numbers in fluent and original style. He can maintain a lively flow of ideas in fast-tempo numbers and decorate a ballad with the best. JON EARDLEY, "Down East" (Esquire 32-040: 12in. LP). ****. A lovely, virtuosic session of East Coast jazz, featuring fast, virtuosic playing by Eardley on trumpet, with alto-saxist Phil Woods and tenor-saxist Zoot Sims sharing the honours. Three of the six numbers were composed by Eardley, whose group smokes out a specially earthy, virtuosic performance in a blues he calls "Koo-Koo."

SERGE CHALOFF, "The Fable of Mabe" (Vogue LAE 12052: 12in. LP). ***. Baritone-saxist Serge Chaloff, who died last August, aged 33, was an American post-war soloist five years running. You can hear his vigorous, first-rate blowing at its best on the first side of this 1954 disc, with Boots Mussulli a fluent partner on alto-sax. The rest, including the title-number, just

THE FIRST ELEVEN

- 1 "MAGIC MOMENTS," Perry Como (R.C.A.) (1).
- 2 "WHOLE LOTTA WOMAN," Marvin Rainwater (M.G.M.) (2).
- 3 "SWINGIN' SHEPHERD BLUES," Ted Heath (Decca) (6).
- 4 "MAYBE BABY," Orkestra (Coral) (5).
- 5 "NAIROBI," Tommy Steele (Decca) (3).
- 6 "TEQUILA," The Champs (London) (9).
- 7 "A WONDERFUL TIME UP THERE," Pat Boone (London) (—).
- 8 "LA DEE DAA," Jackie Dennis (Decca) (4).
- 9 "WHO'S SORRY NOW?" Connie Francis (M.G.M.) (10).
- 10 "IT'S TOO SOON TO KNOW," Pat Boone (London) (—).
- 11 "DON'T," Elvis Presley (R.C.A.) (7).

And the Twelfth Man....

THIS WEEK'S Twelfth Man, who has jumped rapidly from 22nd place last week, is JERRY LEE LEWIS, singing "Breathless" on London. Last week's Twelfth Man, Perry Como, falls to make the First Eleven. His "Catch a Falling Star" is now No. 14.

NANCY SPAIN ON THE NEW BOOKS

The Mildly Eccentric Miss Lindop Rings Up £15,000

JUST how eccentric can a best-selling author be? Poet Claud de Nerval led a pot lobster around on a ribbon... asthmatic novelist Proust lived in a cork-lined room, wheezing away and writing his masterpiece. The greater the sales the greater the eccentricity.

Daphne du Maurier can afford to be shy... J. B. Priestley can afford to be blunt, and Audrey Erskine Lindop, who has written at least three best sellers: "The Tall Headlines," "The Singer not the Song," and "I THANK A FOOL" (Collins, 12s. 6d.), can afford to keep 197 fountain pens.

And for that matter to collect anything she fancies from Marie Antoinette's watch (cost her £15) to Nelson's hat (£40)—to drink champagne at 11 o'clock in the morning to be haunted, see visions and write books with titles that she admits mean absolutely nothing at all.

They think...

"I Thank A Fool!" I said. "I've read it and I love it and wild horses wouldn't drag a review of it from me before publication day, but it's all about a man who hires a woman to look after his wife who's as autistic as fruitcake, so why is it called 'I Thank A Fool'?"

"I don't know," said Audrey. "Come to think of it 'The Singer, not the Song' doesn't mean much either. But M-G-M, who paid £10,000 for 'I Thank A Fool' so that Audrey Lindop Bergman could be the dreamy companion, and paid another £2,000 to Dudley (my husband) and I could go to Hollywood and work on it, M-G-M think it's a lovely title."

"But the people who serialised it thought it was so meaningless it must be a quotation and then hunted through all the dictionaries and found it in a quotation. I just made it up."

"I offered to write a poem to go round it if they liked, but they were quite cross with me." All in all, the apparently meaningless "I Thank A Fool" has so far earned £15,000 for tall, frail, icy soldier's daughter Audrey Erskine Lindop. (I'd

Marat's sponge and Robespierre's books. "Frankly," I said. "Audrey, dear, I like my watch to belong to me when I have one, and not to Oliver Cromwell."

"It's funny you should say that," said Audrey. "I had Oliver Cromwell's watch for a bit. But I didn't like him, so I sent it back."

But to all you novelists setting out in search of fame, lolly and the sweet smell of success—I wouldn't really advise you to collect pens, ghosts and utterly meaningless titles.

Audrey Erskine Lindop succeeds in spite of her eccentricities, not because of them. The thing she has cannot be bought, faked, or acquired. The girl has talent, that's all.

Hunted

Funnily, enough there is another little masterpiece out this week, "THE ROAD TO SOCCORRO" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) by Charles O. Locke, a journalist graduate of Yale University.

He spent years and years brooding about 18-year-old Tot Lohman who engages in a duel to the death with an entire family called Boyd.

The Boyds hunt him relentlessly across the ghastly waterless deserts of Texas and New Mexico because they imagine he killed one of their kinfolk in cold blood. (Actually he killed Shorty Boyd in self-defence with a bayonet, by mistake.)

Tot is a dead shot with a rifle and he is also a dab hand at keeping alive. Mr Locke tells his story in the first person, as Mark Twain told the story of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," and the narrative has all the strange fascination of those two great adventure books.

Scintillating

The reader shares in Tot Lohman's awful experiences. Inch by inch he worms his way across the desert, living on nothing at all, afraid to make friends because of the trouble he will bring down on them. The French Revolution" the way is clear for Danton's umbrella, laconic, economic, brilliant descriptions of landscape or character so that the novel lives and scintillates from end to end.

More important than any of this, however, Mr Locke makes of Tot Lohman a thoroughly likable, good-hearted boy no that anyone would be delighted to stay in his company for 100 pages.

Enormous success has already crowned the book in America where it is known as "The Hell-Bent Kid".

Now I wonder why the English publisher changed it?

Quick flips

along the shelves

BRING 'EM BACK PETRI-FIED. Lillian Brown (Robert Hale, 18s.). Brightly written travel book about Guatemala, where Dr Barnum Brown and his wife last went hunting fossil bones of prehistoric monsters. Crocodiles, native canoes, and discomfort as well as Mrs Brown's mild and sophisticated horror of the bones on which her husband's reputation depends make this the sort of book for the armchair warrior who'd sooner (like me) read about such things than do them. Very good of its kind. The last by Mrs Brown was called "I Married a Dinosaur," which doesn't seem to me very polite, but there.

THE FIRST DETECTIVE.

Gordon Cobbs (Faber and Faber, 18s.). Good, solid, well-documented account of the early days of the C.I.D. in the days when there were no less than 118,000 persons in London who supported themselves by pursuits either "criminal, illegal, or immoral." Some funny, some blood-curdling stories, all with that odd Dickensian atmosphere that hangs around the nineteenth-century and makes it so hard to believe in it.

THE LIVING FOREST? H. L.

Baldie (Thames and Hudson, 25s.). Wonderful collection of facts about trees, from oak and ash and thorn to the kind of wood they make musical instruments out of. (Did you know that guitars, violins are made from sycamore, while banjos and mandolins are made from beech, harps come in spruce, while bagpipes can be made from holly, apple, pear, hornbeam, chestnut, yew, box-wood, blackthorn, and cherry? To be honest, the wonder to me is that bagpipes are ever made at all.)

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

For June Brides

By Harry Weinert



THE REFRIGERATOR SHOULD BE CLEANED OUT ONCE IN A WHILE—THAT'S HOW HASH IS CONCOCTED—ANYTHING GOES.

